"THE YOGI'S SPELL," A WONDERFUL STORY IN NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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# THE TEMPLE THEATRE MYSTERY;

## or, The Romance of a Curious Crime

By ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON,

Author of "The Black Ball," "A Vagabond's Honor," Etc.

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CHAPTER I.

THE TEMPLE THEATER TRAGEDY.

The last night of the season, and the Temple Theater was crowded with an audience that overflowed the lobbies and filled every available space in that great building.

The play, an old thing of Dumas', was not the attraction; it was the farewell appearance of the famous young actress Adelaide Courtney, about to engage on an extended European tour.

"If any calamity was to befall this gathering, the ranks of society would be without leaders," said Harry Welby, the journalist, as he took a view of the house through his opera glass.

"Why do you hint such a thing?" grumbled the little man who sat beside him. "I'll wager you're trying to figure out how many columns you could make out of it? Don't try to poison my pleasure with your ghoulish speculations!"

"All right, Pendrick. Don't be so grouty. You haven't the disagreeable work that I have before me!" and he leveled his lorgnette at a box on the second tier which had remained vacant. "I didn't think she would have the nerve to appear in the hour of her rivals' triumph. I'm much afraid she won't enjoy the entertainment."

A tall, fair woman, very plainly dressed in black velvet, had entered this box and was now surveying the audience with a slightly contemptuous expression on her face. A faint murmur rippled over the house as she was recognized, to be drowned at once by the orchestra beginning the overture from William Tell.

Samuel Pendrick, who had been studying the woman in black thought she looked disappointed that her appearance had not evoked more enthusiasm, as she turned her back as much as possible on the audience, with a shrug of the shoulders, and sat down in a corner.

"And who might this person be?" he asked his newspaper man.

"What! don't you know? That ghostly-looking dame is Gertrude Ellison, formerly leading lady of this theater. She was unfortunate enough some months ago to fall in, or pretended to, and Miss Courtney jumped into her place. She got well slightly sick when she heard the next morning that a hit Miss Courtney had made, but the deed was done. She lost her grip and trifled out of sight. As I said before, she certainly shows nerve to come here tonight and witness her rival's triumph. Don't think I could do it. But I must be leaving you before the curtain rises," preparing to make his way out. "I must go renting among the notables; for there will be a row in the morning if any peanut Captain of Industry or bona society swimmer is left out," and he deftly wriggled through the crowd and disappeared.

Pendrick was not sorry to be rid of so garrulous a companion whose society he generally enjoyed. But now he wanted to get all the pleasure he could out of an amusement he seldom indulged in. When the favorite of the evening appeared on the stage and the deafening applause that greeted her entrance had ceased, Pendrick took a look at the somber occupant of the box on the second tier. She would not have been an actress and a woman if she had not felt the clutter of the applause given her rival as so many heart stabs. He could see that the program held in her hand was fluttering like a flag of distress, and that she was twisting nervously in her seat, apparently the effect of an emotion she was struggling to suppress.

"She is not so strong as she thought she was," thought the detective to himself. "She will never be able to sit the evening out."

And he was right. When at the close of the final act, when the star of the evening was repeatedly recalled, and floral pieces made of the stage a blooming parterre, the woman in black rose up, cast one look at the audience and at the girlish figure standing in the glare of the footlights, turned and disappeared.

"If a look could kill, the heroine of this occasion would be a dead woman," the detective said to himself, having noted the expression of venomous hate on the face of the discarded favorite.

He had cause to recall that look afterward, when something occurred that was not on the program.

Pendrick did not believe that the woman had left the box, for the curtains moved occasionally, and now and then he caught a flash from a jeweled hand. She had merely wished to escape from public view while unable to conceal her emotions.

Pendrick took almost as much interest in the occupant of that box as he did in what was going on on the stage. Once he thought he saw the bearded features of a man peer out from behind the edge of a curtain, but in a moment it was gone.

Pendrick, who felt no sentimental interest in the favorite, wearied of the constant recalls, and, deafened by the noisy applause, he was not sorry when the final curtain fell. He would gladly have made his escape then, but the crowd was in no mood to leave and stood up as one man and cheered and yelled themselves hoarse, until the detective wondered why the great chandelier in the dome did not come down.

When the curtain rose and Miss Courtney was discovered standing ringed in by a bower of bloom formed of the floral tributes showered on her that night, there was the usual demand for a speech. She raised a shaking hand for silence, and the great audience became suddenly dumb. But what she meant to say was never spoken. When she opened her lips, it was to utter a hoarse, choking cry, her eyes dilated with terror. With a hand pressed against her bosom she made one stumbling step forward and then fell headlong to the stage, scattering those flowery emblems of her triumph, the fluttering petals falling over her in a multicolored rain.

What had taken place? Every one in the audience asked this of his neighbor silently, as the great curtain was dropped swiftly.

Then a man in an ill-fitting dress suit, his face pale and excited, made a stammering speech. Excitement of the evening's great enthusiasm displayed—overcome—had fainted—doctor with her—nothing serious. That was what Pendrick made out from the man's disjointed speech, as he bowed himself off the stage.

The orchestra struck up a joyful march, and slowly the audience began to make its way out of the building.

Pendrick did not attempt to join the struggle for the doors. He intended to pick up Harry Welby at the door, as they might step together while the journalist prepared his copy to send to his paper.

He could not help but think that something more serious than a simple fainting spell was the trouble with the young actress. The stage manager, or whoever it was that made the announcement of her illness, had appeared too excited and distraught for such an ordinary occurrence. It must be a common thing in stage life.

It had seemed to him that just as the young actress was struck down and that distorted look came into her eyes that they were turned in the direction of the box on the second tier that had excited his interest.

Then he berated himself for a fool in suggesting any connection between the accident and the woman in black.

"If I were idiot enough to believe in the powers of the evil eye there might be something in it," he said to himself. "But I don't. Looks don't kill in this age, which is perhaps just as well for humankind."

A young man was forcing his way through the crowd regardless of muttered remarks of an uncomplimentary nature.

It was Welby, his face streaming with perspiration from his exertions. A moment later he reached the detective's side.

"I want you," he gasped, breathless. "You are not to leave the place just yet."

"Apparently not," muttered the detective, drily, nodding at the solid mass of people before him. "But calm yourself, you look as excited as if that catastrophe you spoke of might really have taken place. What do you know?"

"Not a word here. Come with me, and we'll get out of this push," and seizing Pendrick by the arm he led him or rather dragged him between a row of empty

benches to the side of the theater where a flight of steps led to the boxes.

"Now then, my melodramatic friend, unburden your mind," said Pendrick sharply. "You saw what happened?" stammered Welby, breathlessly. "You were there in the front of the house?"

"Naturally, for it was impossible to escape even if I had wanted to. How good it with the young woman?"

"She is dead."

"Heart disease, I suppose? The excitement was too much for her. Poor thing, and in the hour of her triumph! Too bad, too bad!"

"She did not die of natural causes, Pendrick," said the journalist, solemnly. "She was murdered!"

## CHAPTER II.

### A DROP OF BLOOD.

"A murder!" exclaimed the detective. "Why, how could that be possible? Did I not sit near the front all the evening watching her, and until the last moment there seemed to be nothing wrong with her. I am afraid, my young friend, that you are trying to make a newspaper story out of Very slender material."

"All right," grumbled Welby. "You'll soon have a chance to change your opinion, which to say the least is not very complimentary to me. I had it from Dr. Denslow's own lips. He was standing in the wings ready to give her a bracer if she needed it in case she should be overwrought by the excitement. He is a great know how used to be connected with the Health Board?"

"Oh, yes, I know him," said Pendrick half to himself, for now that he thought it over, certainly there was nothing to be gained about Miss Courtenay's collapse.

"The doctor, you know, was very much in love with the young lady," continued the journalist. "In fact, I understand they were to be married before she went to Europe."

"Is that so?" said the detective vacantly.

"And he was just coming on the stage to when she fell. He is firm in the belief that she died a violent death."

The little detective, who had remained quietly listening to what his friend had to say, seemed to suddenly take an interest. His eyes brightened, and his nostrils dilated like a war horse that scents the smoke of battle afar.

"I'd like to see this Denslow," he remarked. "Unless your imagination has led you astray this is a very mysterious affair."

"You'll think so when you hear what he has to tell you. Come this way, and we can reach the dressing rooms." Grabbing Pendrick by the arm he led him up the short flight of steps leading to the boxes and, passing through them, entered a door at the back end which communicated with the wings of the theater.

Pendrick knew Dr. Denslow casually. He had been called in to give an expert opinion regarding a poisoning case in which the detective was interested, but being ignorant of the doings of the stage, regarded him but as a little after.

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"There he comes now," said Welby as a tall, heavily built man of about thirty came forward and advanced toward the couple. His brown hair was tumbled, his necktie awry, and the whole expression of his face, which was not unhandsome, expressed the deepest agitation.

"Oh, my friends, what a blow! what a blow!" Dr. Denslow exclaimed out, as he made his stumbling way over various trifles on the stage until he reached the two men. He held out a trembling hand to Pendrick, who clasped it warmly. Though he knew Denslow so little, he felt he must be in the last hour of his grief. The whole expression of the man's face was disturbed and changed by the sad catastrophe that had befallen the woman he loved so well.

The man looked as if were mad or verging on madness, and the detective's sympathies went out to the poor man.

"Did he tell you?" asked the doctor, his eyes fixed on Pendrick. "Did he tell you what happened? Ha! ha! I bet he did. You who have the faculty of reading the hearts of men—you must have divined what happened without my telling you. See here," tugging at the detective's arm, "You're a friend of mine, ain't you?"

"Yes, to be sure I am," replied Pendrick, soothingly, for he saw that he had to deal with a man who must be humored.

"Well, will you help me to find him?"

"What him?"

"Or her? Why, the woman that destroyed her. Come, Mr. Pendrick, you won't fail me in this, will you?" and there was tugging at the detective's arm, more slow's face. "See here," and the half-mad man thrust into his hand a roll of bills and a roll of the medical fraternity could afford to carry. "Spare nothing," continued Denslow, "I only want justice!"

Pendrick thrust the hand aside that would have tendered him the money and looked at his companion imploringly as if asking the other to help him out of the trying predicament. But Welby seemed to be particularly engaged at the time in studying a curious Chinese mask that occupied a position against the wall.

"I should like to talk this over with you," said Pendrick, finding that his friend was not going to help him out. "You are convinced that Miss Courtney was murdered?"

"I have proof of it. The poor girl now dead in her dressing room. I—I don't dare go near her again! I don't dare! They put me out. I am not myself," he wailed, clutching his hair, a wild look in his eyes. "Oh, Pendrick, you who know so much thout things like this, won't you help me?"

"Yes, my friend," soothingly. "I'll do what I can, but really you need a good doctor yourself, you are so unstrung."

"Who would not be, under the circumstances?" and the tears rolled down the doctor's cheeks. "Come," he said in a hushed whisper, "would you see her?"

The detective did not answer, but he allowed himself to be led forward and up a short flight of stairs, and then almost thrust through a door that as far as he could see seemed to be a panel in the woodwork.

The detective found himself in a small room, perhaps ten by twelve feet, the principal furniture of which seemed to consist of a dressing table with a large mirror, and near by a lounge on which a female figure lay at full length. An old woman with a shawl over her head sat at the foot of the sofa, raised her tear-stained face a moment when he entered, and then relapsed into bitter weeping.

Pendrick advanced to the couch and stood for a moment looking down at the dead woman, who but a few brief moments before had received the ovations of the thousand or more people. Struck down in the hour of triumph, she lay there in the same costume she had worn in the last act when she had been summoned to say a farewell word to the listening multitude.

Calm and beautiful she lay there. Some one had heaped the couch about her with flowers, there was no trace on her face now of that agonizing look that he had noticed as she leaned toward the audience from the on the second tier.

The thought must be a mad idea of her lover's brain, for certainly the repose of her features, her calm appearance in death, would seem to give the lie to such an assertion. Yet as the detective bent over the silent form he noticed on the snowy bosom just above the edge of the low-cut corsage a tiny drop of blood.

"That was not the prick of a rose thorn," said a voice at his elbow, and the detective knew it was Welby's.

"What then?"

"It was where she received the mortal wound," replied the doctor, who seemed to have recovered some of his presence of mind, and who now stood at the footboard of the lounge.

"Denslow, you have seen enough," continued Denslow. "I don't dare remain here alone any longer, for fear I should go mad. Come, I will tell you the story of this mysterious death," and he drew Pendrick out into the wings.

Pendrick thought it best to follow, though quite convinced that he had to deal with a mad man through the grief and apparently excited that only a doctor could be of service. Denslow led him to where Welby was waiting for him, but that enterprising young newspaper man had taken himself off and was not to be seen.

They crossed the dark stage and the detective felt himself in the presence of something terrible.

"I am going to take you where we can speak alone," muttered the doctor in a low voice. Pendrick found himself presently in a small room that was evidently the office, and a great desk.

Pendrick sat down on one of the chairs, for he was worn out. The performance had not entertained him near so much as the events that followed.

Doctor Denslow took another chair and drew it up close to the detective's side. Whether he observed that he had greatly recovered from his wild and disordered condition as displayed in the wings Pendrick could not say.

"Did you notice it that drop of blood?" asked Doctor Denslow in a low whisper.

"Yes," replied Pendrick.

Pendrick looked at the speaker long and searchingly. Though the young doctor seemed in a measure to have recovered his normal condition there was still something strange about him. Was he overwrought on account for by reason of the death of the woman he loved?

"Look here," said Denslow, "I was standing in the wings ready to help her if she needed it, when I happened to turn to him. I kissed her as she stepped out after the last curtain fell—when she fell! He buried his face in his hands and looked at me fairly silently, overcome with grief.

The detective felt he was dealing with a calm and judicial eye.

"You must be surprised how it is possible for a woman to be murdered on the stage in the presence of two thousand or more people," said the doctor, looking up for the first with a sigh. "But it is possible. Yes, she was murdered on a boards in the view people, and that is what I believe did it," and he held up something so small that even the detective's sharp eyes could not detect what it was.

"Look out for yourself, for it is poisoned," cried the doctor as Pendrick reached out his hand for this almost impalpable thing that looked like a bit of dust in the air.

"How do you know it is poisoned?"

"Never mind, I know it is."

The detective found himself in possession of a feathery little object to which a sharp needle point of a hatpin was affixed.

"That!" said the young doctor, who had relapsed into a silence while the detective was handling the thing gingerly. "That insignificant little thing was what produced the death of my love. Some one hidden in the front of the house when she fell—for I was on the spot—this crime must have been cunningly planned, for the chances of detection were small indeed."

Pendrick looked at the man in studying to understand how the actress could have been killed as the doctor suggested. It must be the wild fancy of a disordered man, for during an experience not brief as a detective he had never known a case of murder in the manner so peculiar.

"Then you have no idea who did it?" he said finally.

"Not a single one. Mr. Pendrick, you won't fail me in this, will you?" and there was tugging at the detective's arm, more slow's face. "See here," and the half-mad man thrust into his hand a roll of bills and a roll of the medical fraternity could afford to carry. "Spare nothing," continued Denslow, "I only want justice!"

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we can't tell when we really are out of the woods," said the man in full dress. "For my part I'll be glad enough to break away from this business and live in peace like an honest man."

"But first you must settle up before you settle down," chuckled the old fellow. "And perhaps it won't be so easy to live like an honest man when one has been so used to doing the other thing."

The other cast a malicious look at him, but did not reply.

"Come, you two are always quarreling," interposed the red-haired sailor. "Huh! I believe ye'd be fyin' at each other's throats if I wasn't here to keep order atween ye. Take a reef in yer jaw tackle. This ain't no time fer us to be fightin' 'mongst ourselves."

"Well, I do think we have had enough of each other's society for one night," said the swell as he rose from his seat and lit a fresh cigarette. "Let us meet here again a week from tonight, and by that time we may be able to settle accounts or arrange matters. These gatherings are dangerous. I'm always afraid some light-fingered member of the group might be tempted to follow his profession and bring the police down on us. What a precious bag they would make if they were to descend on us!"

"Yes, particularly bad for you," replied the old man, starting a fresh story of gore. "For I think I wouldn't have to go far to put my hand on the traitor in such a case."

"What do you mean?" and the young man started to his feet and laid his hand on a deceiver that stood near him.

The old man did not quail under the other's angry look.

"Why so excited? I didn't mention any names, did I?" he asked mildly, and the other sank slowly back in his seat with a muttered exclamation.

"Oh, what a pair ye are!" growled the sailor. "A pair o' Kilkenny cats acts like turtle doves compared to ye. I'll have ter have a couple o' cages built and lock you up in 'em the next time ye come here."

They were all startled by an exclamation from the youngest of the party, who up to this time had said nothing.

"Jerry! What ever give you the jumps?" asked Simon Pegg, for the youth's eyes were fixed on the door.

"Didn't ye hear it?"

"Hear what?"

"A sort o' crackin' sound from the hall, like splintered wood."

"You're nervish, me boy. These lats hours is ruinatin' yer narves," but the sailor's soothing speech did not have any effect. All the party had risen from the table and cast uneasy looks in the direction of the door.

The sound of some heavy body falling without caused them all to start, except the little man who was last to arrive. He was sipping a glass of wine with evident satisfaction and did not show the least uneasiness.

"There's sunthin' doin' out there, but I guess there's no need to get skeery about it," grumbled Pegg as he strode in the direction of the door.

He had almost reached it when it swung quickly open and on the threshold a tall man appeared, a revolver in each hand.

"No tricks, men, or there'll be trouble. Hands up!"

A sharp crack of a pistol sounded. The bullet, passing close his head, was to be fucked, splintered the frame of the door.

It came from the young man in the dress suit.

"That was wrong, my friend," said the newcomer. "I guess I'd better deal with you first before you hurt yourself," and advancing fearlessly he arrested the pistol out of the shaking hand that held it, without the others making a move to help him.

The sudden entrance of the officer seemed to have paralyzed them. He went from one to the other, securing their arms, and then lined them up against the wall.

"Stand there, and the one that moves will be hurt. I won't take any bogus pedigree, because I know you all, 'cept this chap who tried to wing me," nodding toward the swell.

"Of course I have nothing to do with these fellows," protested the young man. "Look here," and he drew a piece of paper out of his pocket and handed it over. "I am from Detective Sergeant McFadden of headquarters. I was to help him round up the gang, and I suppose your name must be him. See?"

"Yes, I see," replied the last comer as he glanced over the paper with a grim smile. "Oh, you are the man that was to give 'em up, eh?"

"Yes, yes," replied the other, eagerly. "I didn't expect you tonight, but after all it might be best not to lose the chance."

But he had scarcely delivered the words in a hesitating voice before he found himself grasped suddenly from behind by each arm, and turning his head looked into the sharp eyes on one side, and the grim face of the sailor on the other.

"Ye ha' been neatly trapped, on my life," laughed the old fellow. "Didn't I tell ye men there was a traitor among us, and here we have him cribbed with the goods on."

"It's as good as a play," chuckled the sailor with a hoarse chuckle. "None o' that, ye yarb!" as the prisoner began to struggle violently. "Now we know ye for what ye are. We'll take good care ye don't have a chance to play another trick."

"Why don't you help me? Don't you see what these men are doing?" cried the prisoner, appealing to the supposed officer, who, having put away his pistols, was standing with folded arms apparently enjoying the scene hugely.

"What do you expect me to do when there's so many against me?" he asked. "It's all yer own fault that you find yerself in this corner."

"But that paper—from the Sergeant! You read it," faltered the prisoner, the perspiration streaming down his flushed face.

"Oh, I read it. There's no doubt it's genuine."

"Then let me go. It was to protect me that it was given. You will bring trouble on yourself for treating me this way."

The loud laugh that greeted this speech only added to the young man's fears, and he began to struggle more violently than ever to free his arms from the iron grasp that held him.

"Now you're gettin' naughty," said the sailor gruffly. "And we don't want ye to hurt yerself. Here, Professor," to his companion, "look up the irons and lock 'em afore he has a chance to fly away,' and in a moment the young man was bound hand and foot, and tossed on the table among the debris of the supper.

"For you we might get brain fever puzzlin' over this business," drawled Simon Pegg, as he bent over the prisoner with a grin, "let me tell ye that this is a little play got up by the Professor here to find out if ye was a traitor. This gent," nodding his head in the direction of the man who had thrown them all apparently at such confusion, "is a frien' of mine what consented to play the policeman for one night only. You'll own up, I guess, that he done his part well. Eh?"

But the miserable prisoner, recognizing what a pit had been dug for him, and into which he had fallen, was stunned into silence.

In next week's issue of the Ledger further chapters in the story of Simon Pegg and his crimes and mystery will be offered. To all subscribers to the Ledger we offer the thrilling our cameras and patterns free. See our "vertisement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

## VERA.

BY EVA EVERGREEN.

"Till death us do part!" Oh God! and I must live how long? Ages!

She was pacing the room in a transport of excitement and despair, her shimmering wedding robe trailing behind her, the bridal orange blossoms adorning her fair proud head, the golden wedding circlet gleaming on her slender finger, a look of wild despair upon her face, and the words ringing in her impress upon her pale, tortured face.

Only one short hour before she had been, if not a happy bride, at least a contented bride; now she was transformed into a fiend, almost, shrinking, shuddering, shrinking back in horror and loathing from the step she had taken, powerless to recall the fatal words she had spoken, a man whose real character and heartless perfidy she had discovered—all, all in the short space of too late!

Fifteen minutes earlier Vera Byrne had entered this house which was henceforth to be her home, leaning upon her husband's arm, and followed by a long train of those witnessed the bridal ceremony at the church, and had now come with the groom temporarily assigned her. In order that she might change her wedding garments for the traveling suit in which she was to start on her honeymoon journey, during which time the house was to be closed, the servants sent and put in order for the reception and occupancy of the married pair upon their return.

While pacing up and down the room, waiting for the maid whom she had summoned to assist her, a part of her floating draperies had been caught in the drawer of a small table standing near the door, and had pulled it open, scattering its contents all on the floor. Vera had stooped to it, a letter caught her attention—a letter the first few lines of which caused her to gasp and turn deadly white, and then with almost frenzied determination she turned the page, glanced at the signature, turned to the end, and once more spreading the sheet before her, read it from end to end.

For a few moments she yielded entirely to the paroxysm of despair, agony and help-lessness which overwhelmed her, then, catching the bell-cord she gave it a fierce, imperious pull. The maid entered an instant later the frightened face of a servant appeared at the door.

"Send your master to me at once!" commanded Vera, in a voice that made the girl shrink back with a start. "Do you hear? you understand?"

The servant's instantaneous disappearance was sufficient answer; the next moment a firm step sounded in the passage without, the door opened and Jasper Byrne, handsome, debonair and smiling complacently, stood before his bride of an hour.

"Vera, my love," he exclaimed with bland surprise, "what is it? I hastened at your message——"

"Not another word, Jasper Byrne!" interposed the excited woman. "It is my turn to speak now, yours to listen. And God only knows how much I have to say—one or my words had the power to strike and torture you as that you might die a thousand deaths in one!"

A sinister gleam crept into the eyes of the bridegroom, but still he smiled, after with undaunted front.

"Your mood is a trifle hysterical, my dear. Get this matter, whatever it is, off your mind, and you will no doubt feel better."

"Jasper Byrne," she said, in a tone as low as calm as his own, but thrilling with an intensity that seemed to penetrate to the soul, "when three months ago I came to this house as your sister's guest I had a lover—as you have since learned—though I had as yet received no formal avowal of his affection; but during my visit here I left you for a few days to pay a visit to another old friend, and that on my return, while quietly enjoying the Claude Raynor ceased his visits to me, that from that day to this I have never seen him—yes, God help me! I did see him this very day at my wedding—and the look he gave me—I can understand it now—went to my inmost heart, even while I tried to persuade myself that I hated him. You know what alleged proof you advanced that Claude had been merely trifling with me—and how you worked upon my pride, my resentment and my supposed gratitude for the protection and love you offered, until I promised to be your wife. Now, on my release from the church where that cruel farce has been enacted, I discover a letter purporting to have been written by me to your sister during that brief absence, in which I state that I have only been amusing myself with Claude, and that you have no need to be jealous for I am secretly betrothed to you, that I could not resist the temptation to indulge in a last flirtation and to kill a fascinating man to my fancy, when I would enlighten him as to our relations. It needs no penetration to interpret how that letter—accidentally left—where Claude would discover and read it, and his conduct be explained. You have dishonored me in the eyes of one of the best of men, and I have been led to sacrifice my life with one of the most despicable creatures on earth."

"Correctly stated, barring your flattering allusions to myself, my dear!" retorted Jasper, exultantly. "The facts on my side were that I fell in love with you, and Grace became enamored of Claude; we put our wits together, and behold the result—you are my charming bride and Grace has reason to believe she can make a conquest of Claude as soon as he recovers from his present attack of the blues. Of course I never meant that letter to fall into your hands—since you know, and advised Grace to destroy that letter after it had served its purpose; but being a woman she must needs disregard my caution: and as this is how you had to stumble upon the letter—how, I neither know nor care, now. You are mine, irrevocably; so what are you going to do about it?"

"I will tell you, Jasper Byrne," was the stern response, "the law has bound us—no other power shall. The law permits you to call me 'bride,' no other man-made institution shall allow you to call me 'wife.' Not for a single hour will I live with you as husband and wife, and you may take for the best of your triumph—it is at best an empty vaunt; and Claude shall know of the treachery of which you are guilty, and of mine!"

"But that is your game!" Jasper exclaimed with sudden ferocity. "You think to defy and cheat me, you jade! You shall feel the weight of my husband's authority—feel it until you are ready to cry for mercy and accept that mercy on my terms. Should you refuse to be my wife, you shall be worse—my slave!"

His hand closed over her arm with a grip that seemed to crush it to the bone; but with a strength born of her despair she wrenched herself free. In another instant she had flashed through the open door and was speeding down the stairs.

With a loud oath Jasper followed. But Vera seemed to lend wings to her feet. With scarce an effort she wrenched open the lower door and dashed from the house, heading for the course for a strip of woods some rods distant.

The clouds overhead were dark with a gathering storm, but she sped on, regardless of aught, the baffled bridegroom in hot pursuit, until on the very verge of the woods her strength began to fail. Once she looked back to see her pursuer almost touching her. She uttered a frantic prayer for deliverance; but almost at the same moment her foot struck a hidden root and she fell headlong—too much stunned by the shock to hear the rattling crash that rent the heavens or the dull thud that sounded just behind her and the death shriek that followed.

She opened her eyes at last to the consciousness of rain falling upon her forehead rain from the clouds, but a rain of tears from the face bending over her—the face of Claude Raynor!

"What is it—what has happened? Oh, Claude, is it indeed you?" The broken sentences ended in a loud cry of rapture as she felt his arms tighten around her.

"Yes, darling! never to leave you again, I trust!" was the fervent response. "Surely Heaven directed my steps to meet you, and in your mysterious actions to read the true meaning of the plot that so nearly separated us. But see how swift retribution has been."

With a shuddering sigh Vera followed his pointing hand with her eyes. So close as almost to touch her lay the lifeless form of Jasper Byrne, crushed beneath a tree that had pinned him to the ground as he was about to seize her. Her faint and fall had saved her own life.

Back to the house they carried the living and dead. Grace was the sole mourner at her brother's funeral. She was soon stricken on a bed of illness, from which she arose three months later, wan and weak—arose to the new life awaiting to shower upon her its gracious benefactions.

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## Bothered the Senator.

One of the new senators, a man of very moderate means, began to look about for a furnished residence which he desired to lease for six years. Among the many importunate owners there was a woman of considerable wealth, who dogged the Senator's footsteps night and day, to the end that she might let him her elegantly furnished mansion in the fashionable quarter of the capital.

Finally the Senator consented to inspect the place, under the guidance of the lady herself. When the two began a discussion as to the terms of the lease the owner said:

"Now, my dear Senator, I propose to lease this house to you for a mere song, as I am anxious to secure a tenant who will see that my handsome appointments are not damaged."

"And how much, madam," queried the Senator, "are you going to ask?"

"Forty-five hundred dollars," calmly responded the lady, "and at that I feel it's a bargain."

Whereupon the Senator of moderate means lapsed into a deep reverie. After an embarrassing silence the owner of the house said:

"Why, what are you thinking of, Senator?"

"My dear lady," replied the Senator, "I was just wondering what, in the event of my taking your house, I should do with the remaining $500 of my salary."

## THE DIVORCEE'S MOURNING.

She wrote: "What should grass widows wear
To mourn the husband gone?"
The editor, with weary air,
Affixed the answer: "Lawn."

## In Time.

Young Checkly—Mr. Billions, I have called to ask for your daughter's hand.

Billions—Why, what do you mean, sir? She is but a girl of 16.

Young Checkly—Yessir. But I thought I'd come early and avoid the rush.

# THE HEART OF THE RED PRINCESS;

## A Tale of a Hidden City.

By PHILIP RUTHERFORD KELLAR.

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### CHAPTER VII.

### THE FIRST SKIRMISH.

Surely the time did not seem longer to the people groveling on the floor in their fear and hope than it did to me, until Val spoke again. *I feared he might not say what I wanted him to say, that he had not grasped my quickly-formed plan.* Half expressed as I threw the robe about him, and that he might place us in a position which we could not maintain. I knew we must accept what came forth from the strange situation, and had known Val to come out with flying colors from many an intricate problem, but when the first words the tension of my nerves relaxed and I gave myself up to the sole task of hearing and understanding him.

The time has not yet come, my dear people, when I shall remain with you." The words were spoken slowly, and Val's deep, rich voice rolled through the great hall. "I shall send three to you, however, to tell you what I wish you to do and you must obey them. Until I return, how you have followed the commands I gave long ago. One of them will be a man with brown hair and gray eyes, and not so tall as I. One will be like unto myself, save that his hair will be white as frost and none will be upon his face. The third will be black, such a one as you have never seen."

He paused a second, and added:

"Soon, if my ear be, I shall come again, and if you shall have done as I have commanded and as the three shall tell you to do, I shall remain with you and teach you again."

Thus far Val had followed exactly my thought, so hastily written in the light that bled lest he should speak more and spoil it all. I could scarcely refrain from shouting to him. My lips even were opening when he turned and walked quickly down the hall toward us. The people did not look up from the floor and he came through the door. I jerked off the hood and threw the concealing robe over his head while he took the white one off. Then, bidding them still to stay, I stepped to the front of the altar. Val and Jake stood on either side of me and a little to the rear. The people did not move.

Now my time had come. If I could only do as well as had Val! My throat seemed parched and it was with difficulty that I uttered a sound. When I spoke it seemed my voice came in whispers. But the effect was magical and instantaneous on the People.

"Look up, good people of Chapasco. Huemac has left you, but we are sent hither. Look up!"

Never have I seen people upon whose faces astonishment and terror were more plainly expressed. As the Chapascans raised their heads and looked to where but a moment before Val had been, their fear vanished and fered Huemac and saw instead three strangers, a half dozen murmurs of disappointment and rage came from them. From our position we could see all things plainly.

The priest and the Princess arose to their feet from us, having moved nearer the altar since we had first seen them through the door crack and being within the bright circle of light cast by the sanctuary lamps. His face showed to me distinctly the decline of all the others in the great crowd, but behind the look of surprise and amazement I saw, or rather felt, another look.

The priest had a hard yet beautiful face, as shown by that dim light, and as we afterward found, one yet harder and more beautiful in the daylight. He was clad in the flowing robe thrown over his shoulders, fastened in front and reaching to his feet, which were encased in sandals. All the others were garments of the same cut, but shorter and made of the white cotton of the abby cotton. The girl standing beside the priest, like the other people of Chapasco, was a beautiful creature, slender, with black silken hair and deep brown eyes. She was tall, and even as she stood there was fully developed. She resembled William Gray in a most remarkable way, and her every look and move bespoke a soul that knew its royal birth. I thought rapidly as I looked at her, and in some manner that I noticed all the other things in the hall were there. She must be of the royal family, judging from her appearance and her resemblance to Gray, but if she, only a member of the royal family, should occupy so prominent a position in the religious service, where was the prince, the head of the family, be? Either sick or dead. The young priest must be a stranger. He was not the young girl's brother, for his appearance was too radically different. I was still wondering as he rose to his feet with the people, having risen from the floor and seated themselves again, were quiet. Beckoning the priest to me I spoke quickly to them:

"For many years you have grieved during this week for the loss of Huemac; grieved and prayed to him and offered sweet sacrifices of incense and flowers, thinking in this manner to appease his wrath and appease him. Now I tell you that you should grieve and mourn no longer. Is he not lord of all? Does he not command the forces of the earth and air, the winds and the heavens? Can he not come and go as he wills here and there, passing over all his realm, through all-starry space? Is he not supremely powerful? Go, I say and pass the week in feasting and in pleasure and then it may be that the good Huemac who loves you will return and remain with you. Go and do as once your fathers did when they were blessed by the presence of Huemac, and all was fair and good. Go!"

All ultra-religious peoples are superstitious. The constant thought of and striving to attain an ideal state of existence and life engenders mysticism, which mysticism in its turn is apt to attach a marvelous, mythical, meaning and importance to a trivial thing. This stood us in good stead in that temple of Huemac in the wilds of Mexico. The Chapascans looked at us in silence and awe and fear; then a few of the bravest in the far end of the hall arose and went silently out. It was the signal for the others; it gave them the courage they had lacked; and in a few moments the temple was deserted save by us, the priest and girl, and a few score of the noble nobles and temple attendants. I turned to the three strangers and said:

"You may call me Graham. He is Senor Victor, and this is Jake. You are the Topiltzin of Chapasco, high priest of Huemac—and she is the Mitl—the princess of Chapasco."

I had determined to risk the assertion. The priest bowed his head in assent. There was a moment of a few seconds, and the two groups stood looking at one another, until the priest spoke, and I felt how not the cold chills run down my back, asked:

"Huemac has sent you, else you say commands for his servants? We shall obey them, gladly."

Val answered him.

"My dear sir, we have no commands. We may tell you only what he who sent us here wishes you to do.

"It is the same thing in the end, surely," the priest replied, and he went on:

"We will go to the palace." I said, anxious to keep the conversation in my hands and have the word-fencing for which we were totally unprepared. "We have traveled far today and are weary and hungry."

The moment I had finished I knew I had made a grave mistake. I saw a surprised look in the priest's face and as he caught my eye he smiled again—I had already learned to look for that—and answered quickly:

"To the palace we would have apartments large enough so that we may be together, for we have much work to do—for him who sent us."

"Score first blood for us, Vic, we've learned the name of the god who has long ears open and we'll get this black priest's name soon."

The Topiltzin looked quizzically at us when he heard the whispered English words, and I felt the blood rush to my face, and in his walk toward the front of the temple.

We followed him, Zamora walking beside us and some fifteen feet behind. Behind all seemed dazed still by our sudden appearance, and we were glad of the lull in silence.

Down the great stairway to the ground and along a paved walk, edged on both its borders with cactus plants, we walked until we came to the palace of Chapasco.

The palace itself was much like the temple in exterior effect. It was built upon a small hill or knoll, and covered in all not a few hundred feet distant. We crossed the ground along a paved walk, and through the doorway, crossed a wide, marble-pillared portico, traversed a long hallway, and came to the great chamber of audience on the left. As we entered and saw the table with the rich food upon it, the couches with the soft snow-white cloth upon it, the courage came back and our tongues were loosened.

The Mitl clapped her hands and instantly the room was filled with servants. She gave several commands, which we skimmed, with the second the first time, a soft, sweet, musical sound that seemed to ripple from her throat as the notes of the nightingale or those of the mockingbird. In the Temple the priest had been the leader. Here the beautiful girl, in her deep red robe, took command. Though her voice was soft and musical, it was firm and decisive, I noted that. Though her movements were slow and graceful, they were full of energy. As the seconds we were seated about the table, Val and I at the head, the Mitl on our left, the priest on our right, and Jake and Zamora at the nobles strung along on either side.

Servants brought in the dishes upon ivory carved cedar bowls, and cotton towels—a finger bowl before dinner. Then followed beautifully carved pipes filled with Chapasco tobacco, and each of us smoked. Val and Jake and I were familiar with the weed, with impatience for the appearance of something to eat. After two or three puffs from my smoking pipe, I laid it down in disgust. Instantly the Princess clapped her hands, and every other pipe was laid upon the table—that is every one except Val's and Jake's. The servants appeared, some empty handed to take the smoking canes away, others bearing silver bowls, like chafing dishes, and plates of gold and silver and tortoise shell, exquisitely carved. As the steaming bowls were being placed upon the table before us, the Princess turned and spoke to me for the first time.

"Thou'rt weary and hungry for food and we will not keep thee waiting through the ceremonies of a state dinner, if we may have thy permission."

Then I looked into her eyes and stared, but recovered and answered lowly:

"We are hungry and weary, Princess Zamora, and we would break our long fast and retire, but we would not have the banquet shortened because of our presence."

She smiled. Her embarrassment had gone and three-fourths of her awe, because my eyes had told her that I was only a man at heart. She smiled, a womanly, friendly smile, and I knew she was a woman first and a princess next. The dishes were uncovered and we ate, but throughout the meal, while Zamora and I said little our friendship grew.

Being a fast day, our meat was fish, highly spiced and seasoned; corn formed the basis of all the breads and pastries, bean and rice were the cereals and vegetables; chocolate and pulque the drinks. In three strange dishes and ate heartily despite the feeling of constraint that was over all—all, that is, except Zamora and I, who talked little. We had it to say and were afraid to ask questions. The nobles seemed awed by our presence. The occurrences at the Temple had affected them. The priest—I was a moment of a few seconds and the two groups stood looking at one another, until the priest spoke, and I felt how not the cold chills run down my back, asked:

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"Thou'rt weary and hungry for food and

of the day and evening and the uncertainties which would confront us in the morning, I slept peacefully.

When I awoke, and I was the first of the three, the sun already was high. With a shake I awakened Val and, shouting to Jake, interrupted him in the midst of a long and restful snore. The boy jumped up quickly and with a vain effort to look wise, sleepily said:

"Gee, Marse James, you folks must 'a' been powerful sleepy last night. It's 'bout nine o'clock."

Val and I laughed as Jake came through the door into our room. It was cool and damp and I bade him make a fire if he could find any materials. He found charcoal in a brazier and we soon were warming our hands and feet while we dressed.

Our toilet was completed in a short time, for we had slept in most of our clothes, on our arms. Then we sat down to talk over our plans.

The prospect was not particularly cheerful. We were in for an adventure whether we must, to a large extent, proceed in the dark. It was useless to try to make plans, at least until after things had run their course sufficiently long to enable us to tell just what our position was. All we could do would be to try to ride abreast of the waves of events and not be swamped. Jake should start on an exploring expedition, for he possessed a faculty for stealth not to become too greatly separated from us, and to report every night or oftener if it seemed necessary. Then, after a short with us long enough to have picked up some Spanish words and phrases, in the language quite well.

Our plans would, of course, be governed almost entirely by those of the Topiltzin. Generally Val and I would keep together and Jake would be separated, usually only when assured no danger might result. This last, Val understood, as it was to me, as we soon learned, rather difficult to carry into effect. In everything we should do or say we must act as if all this strange life were what Huemac had sent us; we would not dare to do anything wrong. Should the dark priest would heed close watching; if any harm came to us we felt it would come from him, not the girl. We had known a sudden dislike to him when we had first seen him in the Temple, but he was the Topiltzin, and in consequence the most learned among the people of Chapasco, was the one to whom we should look for fear him above all others.

We talked, without exciting suspicion, as much about Chapasco and its people as we might, and we decided that the Mitl and Topiltzin were the head and most unsuspicious source of this information. Of course all this should be done and our position and safety assured, then we might look for the lost gold mine and the hidden treasure vaults. Val and I felt sure we now convinced of the existence of a gold mine and hidden vaults, for of course the treasure vault from which the great quantity of the precious metal in the Temple and palace had come. Probably it was the only source, and, having found the gold, we would trust to fortune to find the mine and the vault as far. We had no feeling of great danger. To us the adventure still seemed nothing more than an adventure.

We stepped through the door into the hall and were immediately confronted in front of us, armed with a sword and a short spear. Evidently he was a hastily improvised guard, for he looked and appeared awkwardly and seemed ill at ease. We had noticed, the night before, the absence of the priest and the few nobles who dined with us wore weapons of any kind. The man greeted us respectfully and reverently and bowing low addressed us.

The Princess Zamora, has appointed me to wait upon the messengers from Huemac. I am to conduct you to their greetings, and asks that when thy fast shall be broken thou will deign to honor and bless her with thy presence at the morning meal."

We did not answer, but Val motioned him ahead, and he led us along halls and corridors paved with the finest white marble and porphyry covered with soft mats of woven cocoanut and palm fiber, and soon adjoining the large dining-hall where we had feasted, the night before. The guard then called another servant to wait upon us and retired into the hall. The waiter tasted everything we had to eat, as before, and when we questioned him guardedly he told us that the Princess had ordered the thing to be done as a mark of respect for her worthy guests.

Aside from this little talk with the waiter our breakfast was eaten in silence, and, having finished, we were taken through the kitchen to learn what he could and of interest for the audience hall.

Our guard was waiting for us, and conducted us across the courtyard to the front part of the palace. Here, opening upon the main corridor, was the throne room, and the Mitl awaited us.

We paused at the threshold in admiration. The hall was long and wide, the roof being supported by great pillars of porphyry and the floor smoothly covered with marble. In the far end the Princess and her court were waiting to receive us in state befitting the messengers from Huemac. The nobles of the city, with their wives and daughters, the waiting women of the Princess, all except the Topiltzin, were there.

Zamora sat upon a golden throne, facing us, her dark beauty showing to rare advantage in a setting of black and red, of which two colors her flowing robe-like gown was made. Resting lightly upon her black, wavy hair was the crown of Cha-

pasco—a tiara of hammered threads of gold in the front of which a great deep red ruby shone. Her body was decorated with wondrously colored woven feathery work.

As we walked toward her, through the throng of people, she stepped down from the throne as though to meet us. At the bottom of the throne I knelt, caught her outstretched hand and was about to press my lips to it when she pulled back slightly and whispered:

"Remember, Huemac—who sent you—lord of all?"

"Why, Princess, he who sent us would have us bow to no man, but even he would render due homage unto beauty."

I looked straight into her eyes a moment, but intently enough to cause her to look down. I thought I saw a tinge of color mount swiftly to her cheeks. It might have been caused by the dark light from the ruby at her forehead, but I went again and kissed the soft hand, once, twice.

"Princess, we have not long to remain with you, for we have other things to do when we shall have accomplished our mission in Chapasco. We greet you and your people this morning and wish you every blessing the mighty Quetzal has the power to bestow upon those whom he loves."

It was Val who spoke. I was grateful, for I had forgotten myself. I arose at once from my kneeling position, and as she answered Val spoke to me, evidently trying to find the distinctive features that made her so beautiful. Her figure was perfect—pre-eminence or be a satisfactory reason for the perfection of the composite whole. She seemed more and more beautiful as I watched her speak.

"As we have hither endeavored to please and honor the great Huemac, so shall we now endeavor to honor and please his messengers. Whatever they may wish shall be commands we would not disobey if we had the power, and that we would, we would. It was to learn your wishes that we might prepare to grant them that I sent them, we asked your presence this morning. All our people are waiting to help us in this most pleasant task."

She turned toward me as she finished, and I saw the same expression of pride in her dark eyes, the quality that turns to love in a woman's soul and fanaticism in a man's, I answered:

"The commands of Huemac, O Princess, were given long ago. Our mission is to learn how they have been obeyed. We would know how far the people live; we would see the administration of the laws, the observance of religious rites; we would know all things. Such are the things Huemac sent us to learn. Our mission, however, is one of pleasure. We bring glad tidings. No more shall there be weeping and mourning and injustice, but joyous singing instead. As love once triumphed over hate, so now shall it be master of life. To you, good people of Chapasco, Gods and ladies all, I say, banish grief and sorrow from your minds, smooth the frowns and wrinkles from your faces, let love and peace and joy take possession of your hearts."

I spoke as though delivering a blessing, a benediction, and they bowed their heads. We stood thus in silence for a few seconds, after I had spoken. Then Val moved first, nearer to me and Zamora, and the others took this as permission for them to raise their heads.

I spoke to Val in English:

"This has done them good, and I feel better, too."

Immediately they began moving to and fro, talking in undertones. Val did not answer me, but spoke to Zamora.

"May we speak in our own tongue, Princess? These ladies and gentlemen can be excused, can they not?"

With my eyes I repeated his spoken words, and the Princess, laughing lightly, turned and said a few sentences.

"My dear people. The Three would have a private audience."

It was sufficient. Like well-trained courtiers they left the room by twos and three and soon we were left with the Princess and her immediate attendants. To these she added:

"Wait to my parlor. Should aught happen which requires my presence I may be found there."

Silently we followed her into the corridor and down it to another on the left. Entering through a curtained doorway we came into a small room, the walls of which were hung with rich tapestries. There were chairs seated herself upon the edge of a couch and motioned me to a chair. I placed a stool near her and sat upon this. Val stood near by.

I was at a loss to begin the conversation. I did not want to show our complete ignorance of affairs, however, for fear that might arouse Zamora's suspicions. Then, too, I was perfectly content to sit and look at her. But silence seemed to have lost the power of thinking of other things. Val came to my rescue several times.

"We did not see the Topiltsin," he said questioningly.

The Princess seemed slightly embarrassed as she answered:

"No. Maxatli sent word that he was not well and could not come until later."

"Naturally, we trust?" and I smiled as I spoke to her.

"Oh, no. Maxatli is never very ill."

Zamora had read the constraint that had made our speech stilted all morning vanished, and the next remark brought us some information:

"Chapasco is a beautiful city, well worthy the love of its people."

"Yes," the Miti answered, "but of late the people have grown frightened. For so many years has there been no trouble to select prince and priest. Now a girl must be their ruler, if the ancient lineage be retained upon the throne, and the priest must come from among the nobles. Many think there is a curse upon the city, for in no other manner can they explain these unfeared of conditions."

"The priest, then, is not your brother?" I asked.

"Oh, no. My father had two brothers, instead of but one as all his predecessors had, and this was the beginning of the change in the ancient order of things. Then there were three sons, and the youngest was sentenced to death for violating a sacred law of the Temple. My father married young, and I, Val of the Sword, and of his three children, two boys and a girl, I only am left."

"But the priest, your uncle?"

I did not finish the question. It seemed that a change had suddenly come over Zamora, and with a startled look in her eyes she cried:

"But you—you should know all this. Huemac knows all!"

"Peace," Val interposed quickly, "but Huemac does not have the time nor the desire to tell his messengers all he knows."

"Oh!"

"Besides," I added, "we are not gods."

"You are not like the men of Chapasco."

"Nor are you like the women of our country."

Again I had made an unwise remark. The surprised look, which had begun to disappear, increased slightly. I was sorry now, but were the same thing to occur again I should do as I did then. The Princess opened her lips to ask another question. I knew what it would be, but could not think quickly enough to forestall her. Val did.

"The present Topiltsin, who is he?" my chum asked quickly.

"Maxatli is my cousin. At least he is so called." Zamora turned her face from me to Val, and I was selected by my uncle from among the youth of the nobility and trained for the present office. Maxatli always has called me cousin."

"You—you have not married?"

I looked at that perfect picture.

I think Val knew I wanted to ask this question and feared to, so he asked it for me:

"No."

There was a sad note in Zamora's reply, and I wondered why, but the arrival of an attendant announcing how Topiltsin drove the thought from my mind.

When Maxatli entered, Val and I looked him over carefully. He was a handsome man, his features clean and clear cut, his aristocratic face proof of the purity of his descendation. He was a little above the average in height, lithe and graceful and it seemed to me he was a worthy antagonist both in mind and body. As I noticed the sword at his side I wondered if his slender arm had been trained to use the blade, and felt, if so, that he and I would make a grand fight should we come to open blows. Had it not been for the priest's eyes I might have liked him. Aside from these which were dark and piercing and hard, there was nothing about him which seemed less than noble.

He bowed to us to us and I felt some satisfaction, for it seemed to me that he, too, had been awed by our strange appearance. As he spoke, however, I saw that bondage had been only a mockery, or at least only half meant. It seemed that his words, no matter what they were, had a sneer.

He had come to consult with us about the festivities of the week. We gathered that, in former times the Chapascans had passed this particular week in feasting instead of mourning. They were an athletic race and in those times the feasting was interspersed with outdoor sports, principally boxing, running, wrestling and fencing. When the Spanish cavalier came he introduced the fighting of bulls against each other and against men.

"You may prepare the the program," I said, "if there is any required. You may tell the people, or we shall, that you have our authority to act."

Maxatli looked up quickly.

"There should be a meeting of the grand council," he replied. "It has always been customary on important occasions, such as this, and the members will expect it. If you do not object, I shall have a meeting today. Of course it is a mere matter of form, since they will do exactly as I wish, and I shall map out the program. You will come?"

His question was more of a threat than an invitation, but I ignored the threat.

"Oh, yes," I answered, turning and walking to the window. "We do not wish to do aught which varies from your usual customs when they are not contrary to the wishes and commands of Huemac. Yes, we will come."

I had turned my back upon him before finishing, and was looking through the window at the little lake, the city and the temple. In the bright daylight, and so near, the temple was imposing. At night it had been only an immense dark pile outlined against the sky. The long steps, covered with quaintly painted pictures and with here and there a giant sculptured figure rising up from them, ran the entire length of the front of the pyramid. When I had run up them the evening before I had not noticed how many there were. I counted ninety-eight from Zamora's window, I thought, as I looked at the beautiful building, at the little city resting quietly in the gold sunshine, that it would be a great pity to deceive a people in their happy ignorance and wondering if it would not be better for us to leave as secretly and suddenly as we had come. A sentence from the Topiltsin brought me back to the room and made me determine to stay and fight it out with him.

"It is a beautiful place, is it not? The people are so happy in their ignorance."

He was at my elbow, smiling, as I turned quickly, half startled and wondering if I had been thinking aloud. Before I could answer he added:

"I go now; have you any commands for me?"

"None at present," I answered, with an emphasis on the last word. I tried to return his smile as he backed through the doorway.

He had spoiled the morning, and as I did not feel in the mood to talk with the Princess, Val and I left her a few moments later, and went back to our rooms. Here we remained until Maxatli sent word, about 1 o'clock, that the members of the great council had arrived and would meet us in the audience hall at our convenience. We went immediately, anxious to get to it and anxious to put it behind us. We had to learn something; but our hopes were idle.

The council meeting was a farce. The members readily assented to everything proposed by Maxatli, and we took little enough interest in it to say much. We did object, however, when the priest proposed that one man should fight three bulls. I protested:

"It is not dangerous!"

"Oh, yes," he answered quickly, "but the people of Chapasco, especially the nobles, are not accustomed to shirking dangers. These games will be given by the nobles, you understand, and in most instances only the nobles will participate. This will be dangerous, yes," he sneered, "but there is an old saying in the records of the Temple, handed down from the distant times: 'The man who enters the lion's mouth may escape.' So the man who enters the ring with the bull may escape. We prefer danger."

"Yes!" I tried to appear bored as I asked the question. "What is the program in the meaning of this old saying?"

"I do not know. Perhaps you can tell us."

I shook my head. Val added quickly:

"I am sorry you are afraid of the bull fight."

I saw no other way to answer him except by boasting:

"We are not. But then, none of the men of our country would be."

"And the women—your—country—are they all like—gods?"

"They are the same as we are."

I arose and walked toward the door as I answered.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE WEAVING OF THE SPELL.

After the council meeting we were left to ourselves. The festivities in the streets of the council were busy attending to some of the details for the feast which was to be given at the palace that night, prior to a meeting in the Temple when the program for the week's festivities would be made known to the people.

We took advantage of our opportunity to become familiar with the interior arrangement of the palace. We learned the various corridors, halls and rooms thoroughly, so we would have no difficulty in making our way in the dark if necessary. The puzzle was not intricate, despite the immense size of the building. The ground floor was a cross like, with two large hallways running in either direction and intersecting at the courtyard in the center.

Our rooms were in the south wing, a part of the palace little used, as we may explain of other occupants. The royal quarters were in the west wing across the courtyard from us. The east wing or the front part of the building contained the audience hall, justice hall, several rooms for the priests of business. The kitchen and servants' quarters were in the rear, or north wing. On the second floor, reached by stairways from the courtyard, were the apartments of the various officials and members of the court.

From the palace we went out to continue our explorations. The palace grounds were beautiful, and we wandered through grassy plots and beds of fragrant flowers, near tiny fountains throwing sparkling water into marble basins to the delight of fish and water fowl, until the sweetness and quiet of it all became oppressive. We sought the shore of the lake.

This was a beautiful sheet of clear, sparkling water, dotted with the sails of fishing and pleasure craft. Its surface was higher than any other point in Chapasco, except the hill overlooking the canyon to the north. It had no inlet, no source of supply, as far as we could see, and while there were a number of small streams running from it, none was large, and the water soon would sink into the ground. Here and there were places where the beds of the streams had been enlarged and more water carried off to be used to irrigate the gardens and small farms. The amount thus taken from the lake, however, was not sufficient to explain the constant changing of the face of the water for its margin.

We walked slowly around the lake along a shell road and came to a break in what we supposed to be the royal boathouse. Here we jumped into a flat-bottomed boat and rowed out to a small island in the center. Finding here only a few trees and flowers and a small pavilion supplied with many seats and hammocks made of grass, we soon returned to the palace, tired of sightseeing and wanting some entertainment.

Only a few judicious questions asked our bodyguard, who had followed us at a respectful distance during our stroll, we

(Continued on page eleven.)

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The holding of Addicks in contempt by the United States Senate at Philadelphia makes the sentiment unanimous.

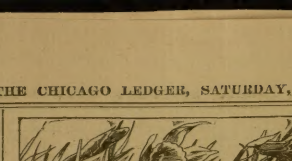
The trouble with be to convey the idea to the Czar in a diplomatic way that the spectators at the ringside think it is time for him to throw up the sponge.

The Hon. Bob Fitzsimmons differs from the ordinary pugilist in not being compelled to fight if the terms do not suit him. He has a few simoleons in bank.

As the approaching conference in Washington is to be strictly a Russo-Japanese affair it may be referred to diplomatically as the honorable peace pow-wowski.

"We go to our graves feeling that we were right," said Gen. Stephen D. Lee, in his address to the old Confederate veterans at Louisville. Which is a perfectly natural feeling. They couldn't feel otherwise. Let it be admitted that the other fellows were right, too, and there will be no break in the clasping of hands across the place where the chasm used to be.

In the shocking cases of perfidy and of unfaithfulness to the marriage vow among our wealthier classes the root of the matter lies, as in so many other sorts of sin, in idleness. The absence of strenuous, compulsory occupation is in itself a temptation to crime. The idle man or woman whose sole interest in life is the pursuit of pleasure inevitably becomes wasted with its different forms. All of the ingenuity which can be expended upon inventions of new sorts of food, new ways of serving, new entertainments, really avails little. After all is said and done a banquet is only a banquet, a cotillion only a cotillion, and even operas and theaters after a few years begin to seem strangely and dully alike. A new emotion, a new sensation—something which money cannot buy—this becomes the only fresh and desirable thing on earth.



# The Sword of Fate;
OR,
## From the Steps of the Gallows.
By Constance Beatrice Willard.

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CHAPTER XIX.

"Love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

"Then she's a bigamist," exclaimed the clergyman, drawing back.

"Oh, no, not exactly. The law of the land gave her the right to marry another, but in my eyes she has always remained my wife," Roland answered sturdily.

It was a very pretty scene. There in the great hall, which occupied the center of the house and ran up to the roof, paneled with Flemish oak, heavily carved by hand, and decorated with pictures of the masters, lay the dead body of all that was left of Jacinthe. About were gathered the friends already mentioned. On the one stood the frail, shrinking shadow, who had been the wife to both the living and the dead. Her heavy coil of hair had become loosened and fell almost to her feet, out of which peered her delicate features, pale and eye

bravely offered his life in place of yours. He believed your troubles had superinduced madness, and, while he did not blame you, he was bound to save you. The confession from the guilty party, discovered by our detective, frees him, and we have all decided upon a wedding tonight," and with these words Mr. Latham left her, but Isabel, looking behind him, saw Roland, older, sadder and worn, but the man whose image had dwelt with her through weary years, and the only one to whom she could ever yield her love.

With a sobbing cry she ran to him, to be caught in his arms and lay down at his feet the miseries of past years.

An hour later, in the little parlor, Mr. Charles Bantom in his best style married three couples—Roland and Isabel, to whom the ceremony seemed a little wrong because their hearts had never been parted; Philip and Dora, and the guardian angels of the others, Mr. Latham and Jacinthe, and when he went home to his wife the reverend gentleman remarked:

"I tell you, Annie, if all women were like those loving ladies, there would be no divorces in the land," and she thought in her heart that perhaps men like their husbands could not but make good wives.

CHAPTER XX.

"One hour of joy dispels the cares
And sufferings of a thousand years."

The spring of 1906 is upon the village of Thamesville, and rejoicing has come with it. The great mills erected by the murdered founder are now conducted upon a co-operative plan with Philip Agnew at their head. He and Dora, prettier than ever, and satisfied that if a wife wants her lover to continue such she must remain so, she has only to be his sweetheart as well as wife.

Mr. Latham, with his beautiful wife, has just returned from Washington, where he has been serving as Congressman from his district, and the people of Thamesville welcome him enthusiastically. They are proud of their statesman, but they miss him in the local offices. He is as full of jokes as ever, but there is more sense in some of the platform when he begins with:

"Heard the best kind of a joke in Washington, my fellow says to another: 'There are my coming and going relatives.' 'How's that?' says he. 'Why, I've been going to marry my youngest daughter next week, and the man with him is going to divorce my eldest daughter the week.'"

Mrs. Latham smiles with the rest, for she loves these kindly souls and the never-dying humor of her husband, and then both hands go to the baby, a lovely and blooming health who is hastening forward.

"Isabel!" Mrs. Latham cries, as the two ladies meet and kiss and standing near at hand, for this husband and wife are seldom separated, and adds his greeting, and escorts Mrs. Latham to the carriage which is waiting to drive the four to the beautiful country home of the brilliant author and his wife. The winters they spend abroad, but to the spring they live in the home, located on the site of Roland's little cottage.

On the hill, commanding a view of the entire level plain, is The Mansions, in which Isabel spent so many weary, miserable days, but now it is a hospital, richly endowed with some of the millions Lucian Richards left his phantom wife. All the remainder of his fortune has been divided among worthy charities, and not even the profits of the luminous romance accepted by Isabel.

Philip and Dora are at the home, as are Mr. and Mrs. Preston. The latter, since Ransome fear to mingle with the fashionable. Her garments are copied by those of high rank, for they are all designed by her husband, and to get a gown designed by Lucretia Preston is something all the great ladies struggle for. Surrounded by her two big boys is a lady in black, whose face wears an expression of peace, for try as she may, Mrs. Bantom cannot mourn deeply the Rev. Charles, who died two years before. Another guest comes in later, and one who is warmly welcomed—Wilfred Sylvester. The girls of the village think he is too bewitching for anything, with his hair powdered with gray, the lines of care upon his face and his romantic history, and all have their traps set for him, although it is useless, for Wilfred Sylvester will never marry again. His wife died a year ago, supported by his money, and after her death from the effects of Tim Regan's cruelty, he buried her and erected a plain stone over her, bearing the inscription: "More sinned against than sinning." It is not because of love of her, however, that this handsome, grave-looking man, already celebrated in letters, will walk alone the rest of his days on account of the reverential admiration he will always entertain for Mrs. Kerston, who, as the big-hearted Roland said, stole all unconsciously into his heart. However, he is her friend and her husband is his, and he is a welcome guest at "Sunbeam Cottage," as the Kerstons call their lovely home.

There is one bit of history relating to Roland and Isabel Kerston that few outsiders are acquainted with, and that is the Christian charity with which they treated Mr. and Mrs. Rivers. On account of foolish speculation Mr. Rivers lost every cent he possessed, and he and his wife are now living upon the liberality of those they wronged. It is Roland Kerston's generous which keeps them in luxurious surroundings, for having learned that Mr. Richards had also deceived, they would not use his money for such a purpose. Therefore, they are the benefactors, they take their happy themselves, they try to make others equally as good are beloved by friends without number.

Sitting about their handsome mahogany, Mr. and Mrs. Kerston dispense a very gracious hospitality, and laughter resounds, for Mr. Latham is in fine fettle, and the other gentlemen are not far behind him. Philip distinguishing himself with the statement that his wife had always declared that she would marry no one but a hero. "She was reminded by this not long ago by a friend visiting her, and Mrs. Dooly, drawing up her five feet, asked tragically:

"'And wasn't my husband a hero to marry me?'"

The ladies all look about upon the laughing faces; Dora remembers what a hero her husband had really been to take her in spite of the secret of Isabel's misery between them; Jacinthe thinks of the miserable days when she as the wife of another man felt each passing moment an agony; Annie Bantom tries to think charitably of her husband; Ransome remembers the day Leonora was willing to face abject poverty to avoid hurting her feelings; while of them all, Isabel is most thankful, for to none of them has such cause for thankfulness as she with the man who loved her so, that he won her from the steps of the gallows itself.

The End.

## DEERSKIN BILL'S STORY.

BY THEODORE R. JENNESS.

During a visit in Denver, some months ago, one afternoon was attracted one morning by a sound of lively greeting on the piazza just below my chamber window. Looking down, Bessie Lowcett's face gleamed in upon me as she eagerly exclaimed:

"Come down, please do. He's here, and then'll be such exciting times!"

Presently, I found my three young cousins gathered about the queerest, ugliest-looking man it has ever been my misfortune to behold. A glance showed me that he was the famous Deerskin Bill, whose praises had been sung into my ears ever since my arrival at the beautiful city which nestles at the foot of the eternal hills.

"Cousin," Bessie said, with charming dignity, "allow me to introduce to you our particular friend, Deerskin Bill."

Hereupon, with all the deferential manner with which Bessie uttered the suggestive title, I arose and bowed to the distinguished mountaineer. Doffing his fur cap with awkward courtesy Deerskin Bill responded:

"Barrsire, ma'am. I hopes the snowblizzer in the mountains hain't accommodated ye in particular wise. Be ye mind the pesky glacier that's a-creepin' and a-creepin' around ont Baldy? Et' she hain't fell five foot a' snow up ther since yisterday's storm I'm a-reckonin' I'm a-mistook, that's all."

We turned our eyes toward the snowy range, perceiving at once the reason of the misty blue enshrouding the lower hills. The soft September morning had descended from on Pike's Peak on New Year's morn, and "twas wuth remembrin'," as Deerskin Bill's black-tailed deer up ther, but when the sun an' I peeped out from behind the Divide I remembered him to this day."

This speech was greeted by a burst of laughter from the children.

"Well, Jack," Dick Leveret said, "let's see if you can remember what happened to you one time while you were driving stage to Pike's Peak ever so many years ago."

"Remember! Why, 'twas so many things that I must stop and think," returned Deerskin Bill, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Was the avalanche slid down on me, or the hosses broke loose and precipitated the stage into the gulch, or the big b'ar planted himself across the road in front o' me, or the Injuns made it mighty hongry times in the canyon—"

"No," interrupted Dick, with something like contempt, "all those will do for commonplace adventures, but for the Deerskin Bill we have been cruising Indian story—how they burned you and Willie at the stake, you know."

The children had heard the story many times before, but an expectant, breathless silence fell upon the assembling torture crept into their young faces as they prepared to hear again to relate his adventures with the Indians.

"I'se see 'twas years before the Kansas Pacific Railroad stretched through the 'Golden Belt,' which means the finest wheat country in the United States, and was just a howlin' wilderness, and Denver was nothin' but a trader post, an' I used to scout for the ranchmen and stuff, and I'm sorry to say, whisky, which the miners would pay any price for, was the only thing I seemed to be my booty to transport. I used to drive four mules and three hosses, and when the roads was dangerous, the mules went ahead and picked the way, but when 'twas good wagon-roads I used to ride on quick time, I gin the hosses the lead, and nester-footed critters I be, never let 'em get to wanderin' around over.

"Waal, as I was about to start on my next trip over the mountain with a load o' provisions and whisky, but nary a passenger, ther suddenly appeared afore me a big, tall, fine-lookin' man, and eyes the color o' your sky thet tips down sideways to the snowy ridges.

"'Where in the name of all thet's bright and shinin' do you be a-comin' from?' I asked, with wonder and amazement.

"'Came across the plains with an emigrant train, I be,' he answered, with a mournful kind o' smile. 'Am goin' to Pike's Peak to find the father, who came out two years ago and he's not been heard from only once. It's pretty near my grief and penitence, an' I'm goin' to try to find out something' startin' now.'

"I was the boy's meanin', but the bootiful soft voice and nice smoothin' words rinsed me, and I advised Bill to travel.

"Waal, I learnt while we was on the job that the sheskin' father of the purty boy was one o' them knowin' fellows what spends his life a-huntin' bugs, and stones, and other curious things."

"A naturalist," I said, seeing the mountaineer hesitate for an appropriate word with which to express his meaning.

"Kerzactly. He'd come out to make collections for his curiosity shelf, but as soon as I could ledge, he'd been collected up onto the shelf himself, with no lovin' friend to drop a tear above his cold remainds. However, I didn't tell Willie my fears—I had found out his name was William, and naturally shortened it down into the pet name that chirruped up his courage till we reached Lone Gulch, wher the Injins come upon us with less warnin' than I kep' them to tellin' it.

"I'd got kinder careless like from makin' so many trips and bein' unmolested, and when the red demons swarmed down upon us like a pack of howlin' wolves, I was taken by surprise, and hedn't time to pint my shootin'-iron afore they bed us in their clutches.

"Aside from the thought he naturally has about leavin' this warmhy so suddint like, it makes a man feel sort o' sheepish to be tied hand and foot straight up agin' a tree without the power to move a muscle, when he's been used to roamin' to the very shacks of the mountain universe.

"The Injins dressed themselves in red and white—I'd seen 'em afore a good supply—and piled the brushwood round us till we stood waist-deep in fagots.

"'Willie, my dear,' I says, 'tis all over with us. Ther ain't no chances left for us.'

"'Tell me how, Willie dear,' cried Bessie, breathless with surprise.

"'Willie' Wing, I mean," over the sperrit of a hero looked out o' two heavenly blue eyes, 'twas out p' him'n at thet minute. Straightening up his slender form, he stood agin' the fir tree, wher they bound him facin' me, an' I thought, 'Mournful Bills as if' agen'in' fortitoods to come down on him from the skies.

"'If I had only found out what had become o' father,' Willie said, 'and if it wasn't for mother, I'd not mind a-dyin' now.'

"Oh, Bill, isn't it time to bring in the whisky?" interrupted little Grace, who could not endure the torture longer.

"Tut, tut, sweetheart, ye mustn't break the spell or the Injins'll suspicion Bill, with mitil' reproof. "Howsumever, it was best in this crisis of the savages dire disvered the demijohns o' firewater, which he wasn't long in communicatin' to the redskins' throats. They began to drink and dance, and drink and dance agin', till the biggest Injin got twisted into hoary staggers, and at last they dropped onto the ground as dead as wheel-spokes for the night. Then I knowed my time was fairly down I see-to Willie:

"'Willie, my boy, ye means break loose from yer bands?'

"He struggled desperately, but they would nut give way, and then his courage deserted him. When death had stared him in the face he had been composed, but now he fell he seemed about to interfere with the grim monster in the form of a bashful, and then backed out ag'in. Willie couldn't be blamed for takin' on a bit.

"'I can't freak 'em,' he said, with a kind of sob and wail thet betokened how his heart was breakin' ag'in. 'I'll not be bound as fast as yonder rocks thet has stood up agin' the mountain side for ages.'"

"Why, Willie, you did," said Bessie, seeing the mountaineer hesitate before going on with the narrative.

"Waal, I see, Tube heart, Willie. I'll see what I can do to help you to stay down with the bark bands on my wrists.'

"Don't show us the scars, nor tell us how much it hurt you when you were doing that," Grace said, covering up her eyes and shuddering.

"Waal, it's enough to say 'twas a tough job, but I wasn't quite ready to be rescued. I'd been a-layin' by a leather with' for him back beyond the prairies, so I perseverred with it in a sly way, and when my hands was free, I didn't lose no time in gettin' out my knife, while the Injins had their backs to me, and cuttin' off the rest o' my fetters. Then I walked over to Willie and gin him free.

"And now comes the most techin' part o' the hull story. I dropped upon my knees, and sich a sublime outpourin' o' pure thankfulness I never heard. 'Twas enough to bring the angels into glory, I was obliged to say.

"'Come, Willie, ye kin finish up yer prayin' when we git safe under old Pike's pertectin' ribe; 'taint best to stop here eny more.'

"So we hitched up the mules and horses, and started for home.

"'You've skipped the best part; how you fixed the rascals before you left them,' Dick interrupted, with a chuckle of tragedy.

"I don't know about puttin' that in every time," returned Deerskin Bill, reflectively. "Tain't best to indulge a killin' spirit when ther's no call for it. We'd warned 'em fair enough to say I had a good revolver, and they never would have hurt 'em. But, as I was goin' to say, we started on our way, and reached the mines in safety.

"'Did you ever find your bonnie mother Willie ever found his father,'" Bessie said, drawing a long breath of relief as Bill finished his story.

"No; he found out from some old miners where his father had died o' camp fever shortly after writing home the first time. He disappeared, of sudden like, and no one knowed where to direct a letter to his family. Wull, we went back to his mother with the first wagin train thet crossed the plains for home."

"And you ever hear anything more of him?" I asked, having a deep interest in the fate of the motherless and fatherless pilgrimage in search of his absent father.

"Yes; he was out this way two years ago with a fine, manly boy. He came in a palace car over the Kansas Pacific Railroad. He stopped on the way he travelled the fust time. Willie told me. He is now a professor in the same line his father tracked afore him, but he hasn't lost his innercent-lookin' face and heavenly-blue eyes, not yit."

### Why He Became Tired.

Mr. Grumpps—I wonder why I get so terribly tired sitting in a church pew?

Mrs. Grumpps—Probably because the services do not include a ballet.

### The Limit.

"My dear Mr. Taylor," said Mr. Perkins, as they met on the street, "you and I have lived neighbors for five years."

"Yes."

"During that time I have kept a parrot, a goat, a dog and two cats."

"You have."

"My children have broken your windows, my goat has chewed up your Monday washing, and my dog and cats have disturbed your sleep o' nights."

"Yes, that is true."

"We have emptied our ashes over into your yard, borrowed your hoe and rake, broken down your alley fence and tried in various other ways to be neighborly."

"Heaven knows you have!"

"And now, my dear sir, to show us that you appreciate the situation of affairs, and have no ill feeling in the matter, I want to ask a favor of you."

"Go ahead!"

"I have four daughters, as you know, and all of them are now ready to take piano lessons. Will you kindly and as a neighbor come down to Green's with me and help me to select a good-toned instrument and guarantee my financial ability to pay him $10 a month on the installment plan?"


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Write today to Wm. Nicholson, Gen. Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 1117 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

### He Didn't Smoke.

Several of the villagers were seated around the stove in the general store at Selkirk, when Coroner Ray dropped in on his way back from a call just below the village. The coroner invited all hands to have a good cigar, and only one of those present failed to respond.

"Don't you smoke?" queried the coroner.

"I reckon not," was the reply.

"Well, have something else," said the coroner.

"Very well," said the tardy one, looking around, "give me two loaves of bread."

### Willing to Oblige.

Mrs. Hussie—Six of that dozen eggs were rotten.

Dealer—Sorry, very sorry, Mrs. Hussie; I hope you didn't break the sheils?

Mrs. Hussie—Why, of course I did! How could I tell whether they were good or bad?

Dealer—If you hadn't broken the sheils we could have taken the eggs back; we have other customers, you know. But now they are no use to us.

### Injurious.

Casey—D' yes think cigarette shmokin' do be harmful t' the teeth?

Corrigan—O do that; a divil of a dude blew some cigarette shmoke in me face yisterday an' Oi knocked out six av his.—Puck.


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proposition. Great profits. Experience not necessary. Capital $7.00 to $50.00 required. Address AMERICAN JEWELRY MFG'S, Iowa City, Iowa

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For a Name.

We are about to publish "the best Poultry Paper in America" at a popular price. It will contain articles of interest. To secure a good name for it, we will pay $300 in gold for the name accepted, $25 for the next, $20 for the next, $15 for the next, $10 for the next, $5 for the next ten, $1 for the next twenty, and $1 for the next fifty. All have an equal chance. Contest closes November 30th. Write for free prospectus, particulars governing contest and card of advice to beginners. Address, Publisher, Box 1000, Augusta, Maine.

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### A Charitable Spirit.

Awkward Spouse—I see our set is to have a grand charity ball. Did you ever dance for charity?

Pretty Wife—Of course. Don't you remember how I used to take pity on you and dance with you when we first met?

### From Experience.

Russian Duke—I had to leave Russia. You don't know how you feel when thousands of people wait the chance to hit you with something.

Correspondent—Oh, yes, I do. I used to be a baseball umpire in America.

"I've got such a bad cold I bark all the time," said the elocutionist to the stage manager of the vaudeville house. "Can't you leave my turn out today?"

"No, but I'll make it easy for you. You go on with the educated dog, and let him read your stuff while you bark."

### Mike's Devotion.

Kathlene—It's little ye love me, or ye wud niver stay away from me as ye did last evening, jist because av a wee bit o' rain.

Dudee Mike—Sure it wor a pourin' down floods, mavourneen, but it wor not th' rain thet kep' me away from th' loight av yr hivenly eyes.

Kathlene—An' wot wor it?

Dudee Mike—It wor th' lack av an umbrella.

### A Conditional Reward.

Woman—My husband has disappeared, and may be dead. I want to offer a reward for his body.

Chief of Police—Yes, madame. A description will be needed, and this, with the reward, will no doubt prove effective. He may be alive, you know, in which case we may soon be able to return him to you.

Woman—I shan't pay a cent of reward unless he is returned dead, just remember that.

Waiter—Pardon me, sir, may I ask why you use the magnifying glass?

Customer—I want to make this steak seem life size.

Waiter—Then would you be good enough to lend me the glass? I'd like to look at that last tip you gave me.


## WANTED TO SLEEP

### Curious That a Tired Preacher Should Have Such Desire.

A minister speaks of the curious effect of Grape-Nuts food on him and how it has relieved him.

"You will doubtless understand how the suffering with indigestion with which I used to be troubled made my work an almost unendurable burden, and why it was that after my Sabbath duties had been performed, sleep was a stranger to my pillow till nearly daylight.

"I had to be very careful as to what I ate, and even with all my care I experienced poignant physical distress after meals, and my food never satisfied me.

"Six months have elapsed since I began to use Grape-Nuts food, and the benefits I have derived from it are very definite. I no longer suffer from indigestion, and I began to improve from the time Grape-Nuts appeared on our table. I find that by eating a dish of it after my Sabbath work is done, (and I always do so now) my nerves are quieted and rest and refreshing sleep are ensured me. I feel that I could not possibly do without Grape-Nuts food, now that I know its value. It is invariably on our table—we feel that we need it to complete the meal—and our children will eat Grape-Nuts when they cannot be persuaded to touch anything else." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.


### Easy.

"How in the world could you remember that your wife wanted a dark, silk shirt?" asked the friend.

"Oh, I just kept my mind on the taste I have in my mouth this morning," replied the man who had been to a banquet the night before.


## Distressing Stomach Disease

Quickly cured to stay cured by the masterly power of Peake's Palmetto Wine. Invalids no longer suffer from this dread malady, because this remarkable remedy cures absolutely every form of Stomach Trouble. It is a cure for the whole world of Stomach weakness and Constipation, as well as a regulator of the Kidneys and Liver.

Only one dose of this wine begins with the first dose. No matter how long or how much you have suffered you are certain of a cure with one small dose of any of Drake's Palmetto Wine, and to convince you of this fact The Drake Co., Drake Bldg., Chicago, Ill., will send a test bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine free and prepaid to every reader of this paper who desires to make a thorough test of this splendid tonic Palmetto remedy. A postal card or letter will be your only expense.


### Only One.

The Bachelor—Say what you please, but I don't believe there was ever a man that could size a woman up.

The Benedict—My brother can.

The Bachelor—Ha! How do you know?

The Benedict—Because he is a ladies' tailor.


## Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaves the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.


### Might Be True.

"My dear," said old Skinner, "did it ever occur to you that all the misers you read about are single men?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. S. with a tinge of sarcasm, "married misers are so common the newspapers evidently consider them unworthy of notice."

### An Insult to Grandma.

Grandma—So that is your parrot, my dear?

Ethel—Yes, grandma; but papa says we'd better sell him, now you've come to live with us.

### Wearisome Dodging.

Rural Housekeeper—You are late this season.

Familiar Tramp—Yes, mum; I had ter come by a roundabout way ter avoid th' folks wot offered me work last year.

# J°LLITY

### Big Money in Eggs.

I get so many letters from my old home about preserving eggs that I will answer them through your paper. I started in 1887 with $25, bought eggs at 8 to 10 cents in summer, preserved them and sold in winter at from 30 to 50 cents a dozen. I preserved eggs twelve years and made $25,000. You can buy eggs from 8 to 12 cents and sell them from 25 to 50 cents. figure the profit yourself. To preserve them costs a cent a dozen. But any person can get desired information by writing to the Standard Co., P. O. Box 5388, Boston, Mass., stating where you saw this notice. JOHN DIX.

### The Little Darlings Described.

Here is an essay on babies by an observant schoolboy: "Babys are little red things without bones nor teeth. They have various sizes, but just after they are borned, they are called bypeds; their bones are brittle, they are two sects, male and females, and are also very fat. When very young they do not have much hair. They are always asleep only when crying. Women and girls go silly over babys, and kiss them all over and say silly things. That's why girls have dolls when they haven't any little brothers. Everybody has to be a baby first. That's all I know about babys."

### A Dainty Little Maid.

She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt when it is going to rain without any one's help. She indicates when it is wise to take your umbrella with you, when you can leave it at home. In fact she is the simplest and best barometer made. She is an ornament to any parlor and a necessity to every home. She or one of her sisters will come to you with full instructions on how she reads the weather, postpaid, for only 10 cents. She makes big money for her agents. Address W. F. Randolph & Co., 82 Dearborn St., Chicago.

### The Captain's Comment.

An old sea captain and his mate, feeling hungry, went into a restaurant on the water front and ordered dinner. The waiter, with considerable flourish, placed a plate of thin, watery looking liquid before each of them.

"Say, young fellow, what's this stuff?" shouted the captain, gazing in amazement at the concoction under his nose.

"Soup, sir," replied the waiter.

"Soup?" shouted the old sea dog. "Soup! Bill"—turning to his mate—"just think of that! Here you and me have been sailin' on soup all our lives an' never knowed it till now."

### A Fine Kidney Cure.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, Bee, Hampton, Conn., the Clothier, says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder troubles will write him, he will, without charge, direct them to the perfect home cure he used.

### Found at Last.

"Welcome," cried the voice, as Charon's boat grounded on the transstygian beach.

"Who are you?" inquired the newly arrived shade. "I can't see you at all."

"No wonder," replied the voice. "I never had even a ghost of a chance to exist. I'm the man-under-the-bed that the old maids are still looking for."

### Lucky and Lazy.

Sam Johnsing—Hello, Mose; where yo' workin' now?

Mose Snowball—Go 'long, man. I ain't workin' no mo'. I'se married now.

### Polite Literature.

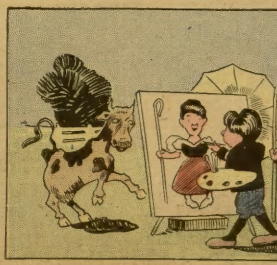
Gentleman—You are a devotee of polite literature, I presume?

Miss McShoddie—Yes, indeed; I have half a dozen books on etiquette.

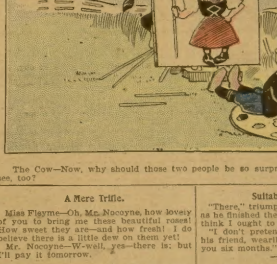
### A Put-Up Job.

"Well, this is a put-up job, all right," said the man, as he struggled under his wife's direction to hang the picture on the parlor wall.

## MUTUAL EMBARRASSMENT.



Artist—Now, my pretty shepherdess, I have finished your portrait. Tell me what you think of it.



The Cow—Now, why should those two people be so surprised because I want to see, too?

### A Mere Trifle.

Miss Flagme—Oh, Mr. Nocoyne, how lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses! How sweet they are—and how fresh! I do believe there is a little dew on them yet!

Mr. Nocoyne—W-well, yes—there is; but I'll pay it tomorrow.

### Suitable Punishment.

"There," triumphantly exclaimed the postna he finished the last stanza, "what do you think I ought to get for that?"

"I don't pretend to be a judge," replied his friend, wearily, "but if I were I'd give you six months."

### A Sarcastic Father.

Friend—I suppose the baby is fond of you?

Papa—Fond of me? Why, he sleeps all day when I'm not at home and stays up all night just to enjoy my society.

## AS A FAVOR TO HIM.

"Ah, Miss Millyins, you are de cooles girl I ever late."

"Now, M'sieu, how many girls have you told that?"

"Posetively, Ma'mselle, you are de fairest one—tonight. An' I beg eat you git a your answer at once, as none are four ozzers I have in mind if you are so cruel as to refuse me."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Solid Metal, Plated, 15c; 14 K., 25c.

The bit of the year. A catchy up-to-date novelty. Get one while the getting is good. Sample 10 cents postpaid. Edward Standish & Co., Dept. 7, 200 Weiser St., Chicago, Ill.

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DETECTIVES

Experience unnecessary. Write for particulars. Address, Wagner Detective System, Dept. 1, St. Louis, Mo.

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$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day sure. You can do the work and teach others to do it. Spare or all the time. Work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write to-day. ACME MANUFACTURING CO., Box 881, Detroit, Mich.

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WELL known, easily sold. Active interested ladies can make from $25.00 to $40.00 per week. Many of our agents are now declaring dividends. Address ST. LOUIS CORSET CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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An American movement watch, fully warranted to keep correct time for 25 years, in a 20 year Filled Case, handsomely engraved or plain, and a ring to match to any Solid Gold Watch customer. Write for our Catalogue and Premium List. Sent free. Don't let it pass this time, opportunity may not knock at your door again. Send your name and address and we will send you 24 Pieces of Jewelry at 1 cent. Order 10 pieces and we will send you a Watch and Ring Free. Write to-day. ERIE MFG. CO., DEPT. 57, CHICAGO.

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AGENTS WANTED QUICK FOR FLAMERS STANDARD BY STORM Every Farmer Wants One at Sight

One of our agents made $1,100 in one month. We can show you how you can do the same. Write for terms and territory. Don't delay. Address, A. R. FORTE FIRE CO., Dept. 44, PETERSBURG, OHIO

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FREE GOLD WATCH

This watch has SOLID GOLD LAID CASES, handsomely engraved, stem wind and stem set, fully warranted accurate timekeeper, agreed to pass anywhere as a $25 watch. Case GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. Sent FREE to introduce our goods. Write for our Premium List and Catalogue. Sent free. Your address will be sufficient. When this watch or $3.50 and we will send you 24 pieces of Jewelry at once. Order 10 pieces and we will send you a Watch Free. Write to-day. LIBERTY JEWELRY DEPT. 464 CHICAGO.

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Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agents' Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street, number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

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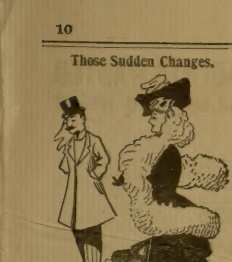
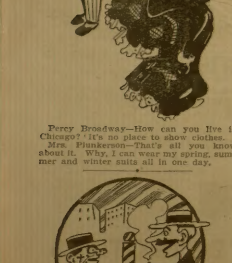
## Those Sudden Changes.



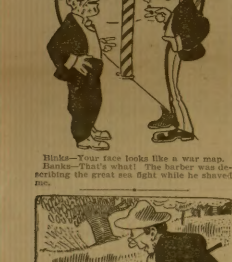
Percy Broadway—How can you live to Chicago? It's no place to show clothes.

Mrs. Plunkerton—That's all you know about it. Why, I can wear my spring, summer and winter suits all in one day.



Binks—Your face looks like a war map.

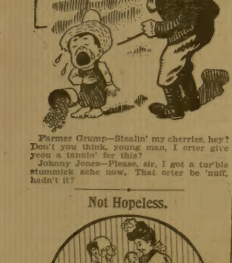
Hanks—That's true! The barber was describing the great sea fight while he shaved me.



Farmer Grump—Stealin' my cherries, hey? Don't you think, young man, I orter give you a tannin' for this?

Johnny Jones—Please, sir, I got a turble stummick ache now. That orter be 'nuff, hadn't it?

## Not Hopeless.



Proud Father—Everybody says he looks like me.

Cheerful Aunt—Oh, well, never mind, as long as he has his health.

# AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

When I was last in Paris I had a letter of introduction to the Countess de Clairmont, who lived in a venerable mansion in the Faubourg-St. Germain, near the ancient abbey church. I found her to be an aged lady of a very old family, a very devout church-goer, and a bigoted legitimist, believing in "divine right" and the Count de Chambord, and fully expecting that he and his white flag would rule the destinies of France, when Orleanists, Bonapartists and Republicans would be forgotten. Apart from dogma and politics she was, however, a very charming and interesting person. She had evidently been very handsome in her youth, and even in her old age retained a little coquetry and much spirit. At the recital of some deed of daring and heroism her black eyes would flash and sparkle, and her lips tremble with emotion. I was like going back to a past century to sit in her dim drawing-room, with its quaint old furniture, rich and religiously preserved, hung with portraits of her ancestors, and hear her talk of their feats of prowess, of those bonos nores we long since dust, whose miters and swords had decayed, and whose moldy and moth-eaten banners, waving in church and chapel, are but tattered rags, with the blazon effaced.

One day I was looking at the portrait of a lady so lovely, with a sweet and melancholy beauty, that even the disfiguring costume of the pervious century, especially the abominable high headdress, could not spoil its effect, for you looked only on the face and forgot the accessories. It was one of the pencil of Madame Lebrun, the favorite artist of Marie Antoinette, whose like as to such touching souvenirs of the unhappy queen.

"That lady, I am sure, had a story," I said. "I need not ask if the original was a relative of yours, madame, I see a family likeness in the head."

"You are right," she said. "That portrait—one for me—was given likewise. It looked fifty years ago. I have a miniature taken at the same time, which looks like a reduced copy of Madame Lebrun's charming picture."

"And the lady was—"

"Pardon me," said the old countess; "I will tell you her story myself. It is that of an old family history, but it is thought to have some of the elements of romance. Perhaps it may be of future use to you as a story-teller in your own country. So arm yourself with your pencil and note-book, and with an old woman's garrulity."

The old lady called me "cousin," because at some far-away period there was a matrimonial alliance between their families, long and long before my grandfather emigrated to America.

I will not attempt to relate the narrative in the language of my hostess, but condense it and tell it in my own way.

The original of Madame Lebrun's picture, then, was Victorine de Grantier, wife of Hector de Grantier, a gentleman of ancient and family. The marriage was an exception to the general rule of French marriages, being a love-match. The parents of the lady had promised her to a certain Chevalier de Hauteville, who had distinguished himself in the world than Hector, she gave him her hand because she could bestow her heart with it.

De Grantier was handsome, gentle and warm-hearted. He had only one fault, but little ambition. He was a poet and a painter, though not a professional one, and he was in easy circumstances, although not reckoned a man of wealth.

Never was there a happier couple, and when the bride's father and mother, who died within a few days of each other, left the world almost hand in hand, the certainty of leaving their daughter the partner of a man devoted to her was a relief that soothed their last moments.

There was a shade of melancholy in Victorine's nature, and she often thought to herself that her married life was too happy—that it was like a bright sunrise, so perfect, so full of sunshine, so heavenly, that some dreadful storm must be in store to last, and regret it with shaking heads, as the forerunner of a coming storm.

And the storm that wrecked the happiness of Victorine was near at hand. Among her rejected suitors was a wild, fiery man, named Raoul Maitravers, an ensign in the royal navy, of a very distinguished family, high in power at court, who might well look forward to the prospect of seeing the broad pennant of an admiral float over his quarter-deck. But, with all the qualities of a noble race, he was stained with many vices. He was a gamester, a duelist and a libertine; prodigal with his gold, cruel with his sword, false in love, and false to all his hates.

Although his rejection was couched in the most respectful terms, it roused his worst passions, and he swore to wreak a deadly vengeance on the rival who preferred to him he had failed. The hand he could not win himself should never be clasped in love by another's. In this temper of mind he went to sea.

It might be borne in mind that this project of vengeance was a secret one locked in his own heart, to be divulged in deed, not in words. Therefore, when, some months after the marriage, the ensign returned from his cruise, the incident did not create any alarm in the breast of Madame Victorine de Grantier.

One morning when she awoke she missed her husband from her side, but this caused her no surprise, for he was in the habit of rising without disturbing her, dressing and then taking a ride on horseback. But he always returned to breakfast, which was served punctually at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. When, therefore, it came to be nearly noon, and he did not make his appearance, she was naturally uneasy. His horse was very spirited, and might possibly have thrown him, she thought. But on inquiry, it appeared that the animal was in his stall, and that Monsieur de Grantier had left the house on foot.

Madame de Grantier ordered the breakfast things removed, after making a slight repast, and then took up a book to while away the time until her husband's return. At 1 o'clock a visitor was announced—Captain Paul Beauregard, an officer in the French guards. He was an intimate friend of her husband's as well as of the lady, and scarcely a day passed without their seeing him.

"My husband! Have you seen anything of him?" she asked.

"I have been with him all the morning, madame."

"Where is he? Why did he not return with you? How has he been engaged?"

Captain Beauregard replied to the last question:

"In an affair of honor, madame."

"A duel?"

"Yes; and he has been wounded. I thought it best to prepare you for the accident."

"He is dead!" shrieked the unhappy lady, as she fell back in convulsions, for she had read the terrible truth in the captain's face.

Beauregard rang the bell and left her in charge of her maid, while he went into another room. It was agony bitter as the pangs of death to listen to her wails, and sobs, and shrieks; but in an hour Florette, the waiting maid, pale, frightened, with tears flowing, for she, too, had been weeping bitterly, came to say that Madame de Grantier was calmer, and desired to speak with the captain.

The officer found the lady white as marble, but composed and collected.

"Hector is dead!" she said, asked, half asserted.

Her friend dropped his eyes. The answer was sufficient.

"How did he lose this happened?" said the lady. "Hector was kind and gentle, and courteous, and no enemy—where could he have, for he never wronged a human being?"

"You will not prevent his having an enemy—a mortal foe—who last night publicly insulted him, struck him, and has thus forced a challenge from your husband."

"Ah, honor compelled Hector to draw the sword. But the name of that villain—the murderer?"

"Raoul Maitravers."

"Ha! the man whose hand I rejected? Oh, my poor dear, my gentle Hector! why did we ever meet? Fatal was the hour in which you saw and loved me! Often have your wife told me that you had made you the happiest of men. Little did you dream that I would give you death as well as love."

"I implore you, madame," said the captain, "not to view this tragedy in that light. The unfortunate enmity has fallen on you and my heart bleeds at sight of your distress. But I can do more than pity. I can and will avenge Hector. Raoul Maitravers dies by my hand!"

"Hold!" cried the widow, with sudden and startling energy. "I forbid you to engage in this duel. I have my own purposes of vengeance, and no man, not even you, shall be permitted to stand between me and my predestined victim. He has robbed me of more than life, but I will punish him."

The lady was evidently losing her reason. They who knew me henceforth will know me as a tigress thirsting for human blood. But no word of this to others. Be my friend in this extremity, and as you were his true and loyal friend in the last moment, I wish you to conduct the funeral rites. You see how calm I am, how I can speak these words without convulsions."

When Madame de Grantier was alone with her dead, she had a wild outburst of passionate grief, but it rapidly gave place to a calmness so stern that it would have appalled an observer had there been witnesses in the chamber of death.

"Hector de Grantier," she said, addressing the cold clay, "if my Creator spares my life, by your pale eyes I swear never to wed, to behold, shall be your avenger. I will strike him strong, valiant, skilled, and teach him to look for no happiness, no rest, no employment, until he has slain the man who has robbed you of life, me of a husband, and himself of a father."

Three months after the funeral the friends of the family were apprised that the lady had vowed lady was the mother of a—daughter! Shortly after the event she retired with her infant child to an estate in Brittany.

Sixteen years passed away, and then Victorine de Grantier, a widow in her weeds, again resumed her residence in Paris. She lived in a comfortable quarter, but in great privacy, receiving only relatives, making no acquaintance. Her daughter, now a beautiful girl, grew up a beautiful girl, the picture of health—a bright flower to bloom in the almost conventional gloom of her mother's home.

The only frequent visitor was the young Chevalier de Hauteville, a cousin of Claudine, and, strange to say, a perfect image of the girl—the same height, features and complexion. The gossips of the neighborhood said they were born for each other, and predicted a marriage between the parties. But the servants of the family asserted that the old lady never went out. It was also observed that whenever Claudine had gone to church, the widow was sure to make his appearance, and when he was in the drawing-room she was always absent. Whether this was arranged by the mother, or whether this young woman and this young man, so strangely alike, cherished an antipathy equally strange, was a mystery, like almost everything else in that mysterious household.

Had the widow, foiled in her plan of vengeance by the sex of her offspring, forgotten or forgiven Raoul Maitravers? No one knew, but no one ever heard her pronounce his name.

Meanwhile Raoul Maitravers had left the sea, not being particularly fond of the music of heavy guns, for, though brave enough on the duel ground, because he was the best blade in France, and always sure of victory, he was really a poltroon. He had married a very beautiful heiress, and lived in great splendor. He had more than one affair of honor after his marriage, with, in each case, a fatal result to his antagonists.

One day the Chevalier de Hauteville made a morning call on Madame de Grantier. He found her in her boudoir, which was draped with black, and lighted with wax tapers.

"You know this is a sad anniversary," she said. Then she added, with a sharp look of inquiry: "Raoul Maitravers?"

"Dead," was the reply.

"Come to my heart!" cried Victorine. "Claudine, you have avenged your father!"

"Claudine!" I exclaimed, in utter astonishment, when the old countess had come to this point of her narrative.

"Yes," she replied; "the Chevalier de Hauteville and Claudine de Grantier were one and the same person. Madame de Grantier had reared her daughter like a man, and trained her to arms in the solitude of her old provincial manor house, where a notoriously skilled fencing master of the sword, an Italian, gave her lessons daily. You must not think too harshly of the memory of Victorine de Grantier. I am now positively certain that the death of her husband turned her brain, and that during all her years of widowhood she was a monomaniac. That she should train her daughter with her fanatical idea of vengeance is natural—the mother lived for no other purpose."

"But what became of Claudine?"

"She is living at a very advanced age, a widow," replied the countess.

"Does she harrow up remorse for having shed human blood?"

"It caused her great suffering for years, but the mystery when she consulted old her that the circumstances absolved her from all criminal guilt. She was an irresponsible agent of her mother—her judgment deliberately perverted by one, who herself had lost the power of reason. For were many hours of bitter sorrow and penitence passed by that daughter-woman. And now let me show you a sad relic."

The old lady rose, walked to an ebony cabinet, and, unlocking it, took out a long, old-fashioned rapier and bade me draw it. I examined the blade and found that it was covered with rust.

"That dreadful relics are the lifeblood of a man," said the old lady with a heavy sigh. "For that was the sword with which I killed Raoul Maitravers."

"You!" I cried.

"Yes, Claudine de Grantier became Countess de Clairmont, I was Claudine de Grantier."

## Important Omission.

"Marie, what have we on for tomorrow?" As her mistress spoke, Marie, the French maid, turned to look over her memorandum, madam's dates had been carefully recorded.

"After the lunch in de mornin' madam goes direct to her milliner's—at nine."

"Yes."

"Zen to her tailor's at ten to try on ze new gowns for ze operaw."

"Ah, yes."

"At eleven to ze jeweler's, to have ze pendant remodeled; also madam's tiara is to be reset."

"And remind me also to look at some Le Vieliere's new designs."

"Madam has promised at noon to attend a meeting of some societies—ah, yes; for ze amelioration——"

"You mean, Marie, the society for the amelioration of the poor's coats. Well, we'll cut that out. Where do I lunch?"

"At ze Ritz, madam, wiz madam's bridge club; after which madam will play until 4 o'clock."

"Then comes my drive in the park—that is, if the new horses have been pronounced safe."

"Yes, madam. Zen ze grande noblemen are to come to dinner."

"Ah, so I believe. Well, Marie, and then?"

Marie clasped her hands enthusiastically. "Zen madam shall rest. Zare is no operaw; zere is no evening down. For one evening I shall attend madam in her bath. Ah, she needs se rest so much!"

"Marie, you're an angel!" she exclaimed sternly, "it is plain that as a secretary you are not a success. Ah, what would have happened if I had been murdered?" She gaged at her maid reproachfully. "Do you not know, Marie," she exclaimed, "that tomorrow evening I shall attend a lecture on the simple life?"—Judge.

## Bad Lesson in Finance.

Senator Frye and Chaplain Hale were talking about the swearing in of senators for the impeachment trial. There was reference to Senator Scott, of West Virginia, who affirmed according to the way of Quakers. Whereupon Senator Frye remarked:

"I had a Quaker grandfather once, who nearly spoiled me."

"Well, how was that?" asked the Senate chaplain.

"As a boy, I was going on a trip to Boston," said the senator. "Just before I started my Quaker grandfather called me to him.

"'Thou art going to Boston,' said he. 'Here is $5 for thee to spend when in the city.'

"I accepted the money, feeling very grateful to my grandfather, but I did not know my grandfather knew any of the city, and consequently saw nothing to spend the money. I kept it, returning to Maine, after my visit, my grandparent called me to him again.

"'William,' said he, 'didst thou spend the money I gave thee?'

"I had, of course, to confess that I had not, whereupon he said: 'William, give it back to me,' and I did as requested.

"That and experience taught me a bad habit, for ever since when I have had any money I have spent it to prevent its falling into other hands."

# Heart of the Red Princess

(Continued from page five.)

learned that the Princess would be at leisure during the remainder of the day, as all her official business was transacted in the mornings. I suggested to Val that we take a stroll through the woods back of the palace, should Zamora be willing.

"It's a good thing, Jack," he answered, "that you broke with Italian before we left home."

I flushed, and endeavored to say with an air of indifference:

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, it might be a little inconvenient if there happened to be a girl waiting for back home. You might be tempted beyond your strength here and regret it afterward. Better take my advice, old man, and go slow. We may not get out of this with whole skins, even without entangling alliances."

"Oh, bosh!" I answered curtly. "Of course we'll get out all right. We've got them all hoodwinked except possibly the priest."

"Yes, and the priest is more dangerous than all the others combined. I think I'll stay around the palace and see if I cannot learn something about him. You go on with the Mill, if you want to, but please be careful. Not too much love-making, you know."

"You are right about the priest," I answered, ignoring his remark about the Princess. "Better hunt up Jake, too, and see what he's been doing. It might be a good plan also to have him carry some food and water up to our rooms. We might need them some time."

I found Zamora in the little room she had escorted up to that morning. She hesitated a moment when I asked her to walk with me through the woods, but only for a moment, and she started, one of her attendants, a handsome young woman, arose and came after us.

"Do you think we need her?" Are you afraid to trust yourself with me?"

She laughed, to hide her embarrassment, I thought, when she answered my question, saying she was not. She mentioned to the woman and we walked down the great hall alone. Outside I turned and as our faithful man-at-arms was following us at a request him, very politely, to await our return. She looked inquiringly at me and at the Princess, but a nod from her satisfied him.

Toward the edge of the canyon, through the woods, we went. Slowly we walked away from the near palm, over cool, soft grass and green mosses, silent most of the time. The air was still more invigorating than that of the early morning. The buzz of the city was left behind, and the peaceful melody of the wind fluttering softly through the trees was accentuated by the joyous whistling notes of the Southern birds. It was no time for the human tongue to break in upon the perfect harmony of nature. I could only feel it all; the restfulness and perfectfulness, the joyousness and gladness and holiness. A shadow rested of how peaceful to envelop me and all things around me, and through it all the dark beauty of Zamora seemed to beckon me on.

As we came near to the edge of the canon we low-voiced laughter, a hair, rolled in a great mass upon the top of her head, and pulled it down. With a quick motion my hands flew quickly up and the fair fingers began deftly to repair the damage. I reached up with my hands and stopped me.

"Let it stay so for a little while, please?" She looked inquiringly into my eyes and slowly dropped her hands to her side. Her look changed to one of wonder, but she did not answer.

I led her to a large rock overlooking the valley and seated her upon it. Under a great tree, throwing myself upon the ground at her feet. The gentle wind blew the dark, wavy hair around her face and over her neck and shoulders. I looked at the perfect picture in the perfect frame, content to admire in silence. The stately dignity of the queen was gone, the pride was gone, the innocent beauty of the woman. Many times I caught myself wondering if I had not found some long-lost fairy princess of the mountain forest, who was casting a spell of wondrous strength about me. Suddenly I sprang to my feet, stood above her and asked:

"Why did you hesitate to come with me?"

Her eyes dropped, but she did not answer. I waited a moment, until she looked up again, shyly it seemed, through her straying hair.

"Was it because you were afraid to trust yourself with me, to trick me, or because it is not the custom of your people?"

"It is not our custom, Senor Graham."

"Then it was not because you did not want to come, was it?"

"Do the ladies of your country do so?" she asked in reply.

"Yes, Zamora, if they care to."

"Tell me—tell me of your people. Do they come from the sun?"

I pointed to the north, beyond the Hall of Stone, and leaned over as I answered:

"Princess, we come from a great country that lies far away in that direction. In that country are a thousand cities like Chapasco."

"And the senoritas, are they all beautiful?"

"Some are, some"—I dropped to the ground—"but none so beautiful as you."

She held her hand toward me, inward, toward me with a quick gesture of impatience.

"No, no, do not say it, Senor Graham. Maxutil always is saying such to me, and I dislike it."

"Because he says them" I leaned closer to her.

"Yes—"

Her reply was a whisper, almost inaudible "Can you tell me why?"

I spoke the word in English Zamora tried to pronounce it as I had, and we both laughed at her effort. For the time, I had forgotten the warning Val had given me. She started to her feet, frightened suddenly.

"Does Huemue live with you in your great land?"

"Our God is always with us."

I wanted to pat myself on the back for answering so diplomatically, quickly and evasively, but Zamora had brought back to my mind with a suddenness which was painful the realization of my duty and of her position, in Chapasco. Thinking of the inexpediency of the moment, I lost the opportunity of our future action, I suddenly resolved the course of Val's advice. It would not do for me to allow myself to love the Princess. I would need all my senses, all my thought, for the struggle that was before us. I shook myself free from the spell, unconsciously enough, I may be, and left the Princess and I walked back to the palace.

This fascinating and wonderful story of love and adventure in the strange, hidden city of Chapasco will be continued in the Ledger of next week. If you desire to subscribe for this paper please read our announcement on page thirteen and fifteen regarding free cameras and patterns.

## Was Outside, All Right.

"Now," said the lawyer for the prosecution, "we have a witness who actually saw and identified the prisoner entering the apartments of the lady who was robbed. Will the witness please state the name to the jury?"

"William Smith."

"Where were you on the night of April 1 last?"

"In Baltimore, Maryland!"

"Please tell the jury whom you saw that night."

"I saw a large number of people that night."

"You know what I mean. Tell me if you saw the defendant, Jake Tuffnut, on that night."

"I did."

"You are sure it was he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Look again at him, closely, and see if you are still certain it was he."

"Yes," after a long, careful scrutiny, "it was him."

"Did you saw him outside Mrs. Lotsorox's apartments, did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where, to be exact, did you see him?"

"At Druid Hill Park."

"I mean not in the vicinity of Mrs. Lotsorox's apartments."

"I didn't see him in that vinicity."

"What do you mean?"

"I said I saw him outside this woman's apartments. I didn't say he was about a mile an' a half outside of 'em, to the best of my knowledge and belief."

## In the Day's Work.

"And then," according to the author of a late book, "a wild shriek rent the air."

And:

"The two people hiding behind the lilac bushes felt their blood curdle."

And:

"Again came the wild, weird shriek."

And:

"Looking into each other's faces they found them the color of marble."

And:

"That sound again—that terrifying sound which made the heart stand still and the listeners to gasp for breath."

And:

"With a moon of despair Aspasia slowly sunk on the soft, cool sand and Harold stood looking at her like one struck dumb."

And then, after an interval of ten minutes:

"All of a sudden it came to them that the sounds were produced by a mother licking her 10-year-old boy for drinking up the prunings on the sly. Then the terror passed, and life went on with them in the same happy strain as before. Life is full of such mistakes, though, and one can't be too careful about getting the labels mixed."

## In the Fifth Avenue Parade.

Respectable Deacon—I wish that young Canon Mayberry weren't obliged to preach to such a small congregation.

Frivolous Widow—So do I. Every time he said "Dearly beloved" this morning I felt as if I had received a proposal.

# A PICNIC EXPERIENCE.

BY MAX ADELER.

"What this country really wants," said Mr. Phipps to me, thoughtfully as he locked his fingers over his knee, "is a law making it a penitentiary offense to go to a picnic. What is a picnic?" inquired Mr. Phipps, pursuing the subject further. "I will describe it to you. In the first place you want to get Sarah Ann together up one hundred and nine in the shade, and to keep it there steadily all day not enough wind blowing to make a leaf tremble. Then you get in the cars, and go out to some place where you never go in the winter when you live; and when you alight from the train you discover that the picnic ground is right on top of an adjacent hill.

"There is no vehicle within reach, and so you start up the side of the precipice with a basketful of provisions upon each arm. Sandwiches and cold pickles in your coat-tail pocket. There is no shade upon the precipice, of course, and as you push upward you become hotter and hotter, until you feel convinced that the mercury must have climbed up to at least the one hundred and twenty degrees; and meanwhile the bottles of assorted pickles gradually gets to weighing a ton.

"But you do reach the top finally, and as soon as you do the shade of the woods which you sink down exhausted, and gasp for a drink. Can you blame me if I open your lunch basket to get a cup, and then the discovery is made that the jar of raspberry jam, which you had put in the contents have crept all around the basket, until there is not a clean spot on everything, including the clean shirt-collar that you brought along to wear home in the afternoon.

"At this moment some one ascertains that there is a spring down on the hill. The nearest spring is a full mile downward, at the bottom of a deep notice, and the way has to be brought up in buckets. Lots are drawn to see who shall go for it, and you are the lucky one. When you get your first two buckets up you are drenched with perspiration, and are pretty nearly ready to go into a hospital for repairs.

"At this critical juncture one of the young men suggests that it would be nice if there could be a swing, and the leading citizen of the party undertakes to arrange a swing in a jiffy. You suppose, of course, that he intends to put it up; but upon inquiry you are alarmed to find that neither he nor any other of the men knows anything about swings, and that they rely on the fact that they have imperfectly boasted of your youthful feats in that direction, there is no escape for you, and so, taking one end of the rope in your mouth, you embrace the trunk of the tree and begin. When you slip back two or three times the ladies have a good deal of fun over it, and begin to climb make amusing remarks about the disordered condition of your clothing.

"You reach the first branches, feeling that the next time you want to have some real fun you will go in for shortwrestling for several service of some kind; and then the men, who are totally ignorant of treecimbing show, by the way they give you, that they know more about fixing swingropes than you would be allowed to tell, know in a free country. When the rope at last is adjusted, it is pulled up and down with such rapidity as to remove the skin from the palms of your hands.

"The leading young lady in the party, the girl who turns the scale at two hundred and forty pounds, insists that will push her in the swing; but, of course, you are far too intelligent for that, so you wander off in a piece of wrapping paper and who says you must dance with her, because you don't, and a row ensues between the men to make up the set. If you had your choice between being a limb of amputation and dancing a plain quadrille, you would prefer the amputation; but there is no help for it, and so you do it.

"At half-past twelve lunch is ready, and you experience the first feeling that makes it is the only agreeable occurrence of the day. The cloth has been spread upon the grass, and the ants and bugs are just getting gotten into the sugar, that some energetic man has gone down from the picnic bottle to the lemonade pitcher, and that a colony of ants-bugs is frisking about over the cold ham. Looking about for a hop-toad that lights in among the sandwiches, or for a caterpillar that hasn't the preserve jar so that you daren't put a spoon within four feet of it, the kind of thing has to be, on a picnic, and we must submit to it as a matter of duty.

"After lunch, you think it would be nice to go down the hill and take a swim in the creek. You undress and really do have a nice bath. Just as you are about to come out, the fat girl and the girl who wanted you to dance come meandering along, and they sit down within twenty feet of your clothes, without showing any signs that they have come for a little chat; and they talk, and talk, and talk, as if they had made up their minds to have one final talk, although you clear your throat, and splash, in the noisiest manner possible, they positively refuse to hear you, and you have to wait to get up to go, just as the picnic party is getting ready to go down to the train.

"You jump out and dress in furious haste, for fear you will be left; and before you can get your shoes buttoned you hear the whistle. You run for it, and get into the car, hot, wet and miserable, only to find that your lunch basket has been left up on the hill, and that your share of the expenses is nearly fifteen dollars.

"Nice picture, isn't it? Well, that's our American picnic! That's exactly the experience I went through Thursday last week. If I ever do it again, I want my friends to run me right into an insane asylum on the double-quick."

## SIRE TO SON

**Boy Can Sometimes Learn From His Father.**

When you catch them young enough you can usually make your sons profit by your own experience.

Afterwards, it's different. A lady tells how her son was made to profit by what his father had learned:

"My husband was always fond of coffee, and after his business took him frequently into a German community he drank it more with the result that his kidneys became affected, and he suffered greatly with pains and despondency, till, as he says, 'coffee nearly killed me!' So he stopped using it, and began to drink Postum Coffee. It cured him and in a very short time his kidneys resumed their normal functions, his pains were allayed, and the despondency which had nearly driven him crazy ceased to trouble him.

"My little boy, a year old, had suffered ever since he was weaned, from stomach and bowel troubles. He could not properly digest the milk he drank. It passed out of his bowels in hard lumps, sometimes large and again like small pellets, frequently producing diarrhoea, and then we would have to call in the doctor. But the trouble returned, again and again.

"We used to give him a taste of Postum Coffee occasionally, and as I found it to be relished it and used how much good it did those troubles, I began to put a little in his bottle of milk. The effect was so satisfactory that I gradually increased the quantity till at last I used only enough milk to give it color. He thrived wonderfully on it, grew rosy cheeked and strong, and his digestion is all right. Postum has made him an uncommonly large and strong and healthy child. We give him a trial four times a day." Name given by Postum Co., "Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the little book "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

## Was Accustomed to It.

The great actress was recuperating her health by living in the country and doing common work.

Among other things she had the garden and was busily attending to whitewash her picket fence.

A lady going to do it with her own hands.

Ah, I fudge!

Also press notices.

She went to the dealer in lime (the photographer had previously blended it so he could get a good view of her as she bought the lime) and paid for it.

It was much better than having her jewels stolen.

And decidedly newer

The dealer in notions weighed out the lime and the great actress held out her pail to receive it

But the dealer insisted that he was giving her short weight, and he added another to it, scoop to fill up the scale pan.

However, the great actress would not let him, but dumped the snowy powder into the receptacle, saying:

"If don't matter about the weight, for I am used to getting the lime light."

Having said which she walked heartily and told the press agent about it.

## A Big Chance for the Boys.

We understand that a prize name competition is now being inaugurated by the Stevens Arms & Tool Company, makers of the famous Stevens-Pope bicycles.

The object of their competition is to get a name for their new Boy's Bike. Every wideawake lad the country over has a chance to win one of the prizes they offer. A "Favorite" Boy's Bike goes to the boy sending in the best name; a "Little Krag" No. 20 rifle to the boy sending in the second best name; a "Crack Shot" No. 14 goes to the boy sending the third best; a "Stevens-Maynard" No. 15 to the fourth best, and a "Pet" No. 41 Pistol to the fifth.

These competitions close the 15th of August, 1905. Every boy can send as many names as he chooses, though of course he can only secure one prize as a guide.

The conditions are very simple. Write on but one side of the paper, give the communication, state name and address plainly, and send it to The Prize Ride Competition, Box 1000, Chicago, Ill. A committee of boys will act as judges, and their decision will receive the prize. The officers of the company will not be judges.

We feel sure that such a generous offer as this will bring in thousands of replies from boys the country over.

## Just How It Happened.

An English lawyer was cross-examining the plaintiff in a breach of promise case. "We understand that you had the presumed to marry you perfectly serious or one of your jokes?" he asked.

"If you please, sir," was the reply, "it was all ruffled with 'im a-runnin' 'is 'ands through it."

"You misapprehend my meaning," said the lawyer. "Was the promise made in utter sincerity?"

"Well, sir, the place like it. It was made in the wash-house an' me a-wringin' the clothes," replied the plaintiff.

## Making the Best of It.

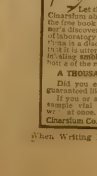
Mr. Bronston—Where is the dessert, my dear?

Mrs. Bronston—The pastry cook has left. You'll have to be satisfied with kisses for dessert today.

Mr. Bronston—All right. Bring on your French maid.


# Agony of Asthma

**Thousands of Sufferers are Gasping! Choking! Struggling! Fighting for the Breath of Life!**



You have some relative or friend who is suffering the torments of Asthma. Her every breath tells you you not tell them of Cure for diseases of the breathing organs? Tell them **Cleansium is Free!** Tell them how it gives quick relief, and how it cures to stay cures. Think how they suffer because they do not know about Cleansium! Tell their attention to this advertisement

Let them know they can get a vial of Cleansium absolutely free. Have them read the free book that tells all about Hafner's discovery of Cleansium after five years of laboratory experiment. Explain that Asthma is a disease of the nerve-centers and that it is utterly useless to try to cure it by inhaling smoke or vapors. Every full sized bottle of the remedy wrapped in

**A THOUSAND DOLLAR GUARANTEE!**

Did you ever before hear of a remedy guaranteed like that? NO!

If you or any of your friends want a free sample vial of Cleansium and free book, write at once.

Cleansium Co., 1307 Bank St., Cleveland, O.

# BACK TO THE SOIL;

OR

## The Plain Road to Success

By HENRY E. SCOTT.

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Begun in No. 25, June 24. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

Although Mark had had a constant desire to pay a visit to Clyburn swamp, he had as yet found no time to do so.

He had been told by the children recently that a bear had twice been seen on the other side of the creek, and but for the mastiff he knew that he should have lost many chickens.

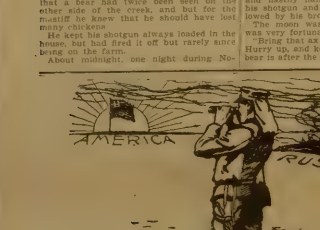
He kept his shotgun always loaded in the house, but had fired it off but rarely since being on the farm.

About midnight, one night during November, he was suddenly awakened by a fierce commotion in the direction of the barn. He recognized the squealing of hogs, savage growls and then a roar from the faithful Bruin.

He leaped out of bed, followed by Harry, and hastily half dressing himself, seized his shotgun and passed out the door, followed by his brother.

The moon was shining brightly, and it was very fortunate that it was.

Fearing that ax from the woodpile, Harry, Hurry up, and keep close to me. I think a bear is after the hogs."




## When Japan Conquers Russia.

### WILL SHE SEEK TO OVER-RUN THE REST OF THE WORLD?

This is the uppermost question in the minds of leading Europeans to-day, but to our mind it does not compare in importance with this:

"SHALL WE PERMIT THE GERM OF DISEASE to gain such a foothold in the human system that it cannot be driven out?"

No doubt a magnificent, well-equipped and well-manned navy is the strongest possible safeguard against any serious attempt to subjugate the United States by any foreign power. As long as we maintain such a navy we have not the slightest reason to fear any one or even a bunch of them together.

The human body will best resist disease when it is healthy, strong, active and with all of its functions fully alive and working.

The best aid to this condition is a vegetable tonic and alterative that will first put the stomach and blood right, for these are interdependent. GOOD STOMACH means good BLOOD, and likewise, GOOD BLOOD means GOOD STOMACH.

DR. PIERCE saw, when he began his medical career forty years ago that it was extreme folly to depend upon alcoholic stimulants at such time for they were sure to do much more harm than good.

He, therefore, went to nature and called upon her immense and well-filled laboratory and storehouse for THE BEST REMEDIES which she had accumulated in such abundance.

Selecting from the best of these—

Golden Seal (*Hydrastis Canadensis*).
Queen's root (*Stillengia Sylvatica*).
Stone root (*Collinsonia Canadensis*).
Cherrybark (*Prunus Virginiana*).
Bloodroot (*Sanguinaria Canadensis*).
Mandrake (*Podophyllum Peltatum*).

And making from them non-alcoholic extracts by peculiar processes of his own invention and perfecting, and combining them with the utmost exactness and care and preserving their medicinal qualities without the use of alcohol, he produced a harmonious combination, constituting a superior and effective tonic and alterative that is unequalled in power to ward off attacks of disease, and which has become known throughout the world as DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

Its non-alcoholic and absolutely safe composition warrant its continuous and safe use as long as conditions call for it.

Its tonic, restorative and tissue-restoring alterative action are promptly shown by increased appetite, better digestion and return of muscular ability.

It has saved thousands of lives by putting the system in condition to ward off attacks that otherwise might have proved fatal.

If in doubt as to your real condition or what you had best do for yourself you may write freely, without charge, and consult Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Inclose a postage stamp in this way and see what good medical advice it will bring you. Write at once and a great blessing to you both in health and doctors' bills.

"Thirteen years ago I was wounded by a ball passing through my lung," says George H. Belcher, Esq., of Dotson, Pike Co., Ky. "I have had a bad cough ever since with shortness of breath, and it was very easy to take cold. The slightest change of weather would cause the cough to be so bad I would have to sit up in bed all night.

"I could not eat nor sleep at times; I was all run-down; I could not work at all. A few months ago I began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I have not used more than two bottles and now I can eat, sleep and work, and I feel like a new man. I cannot find words to sufficiently recommend Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I tell the good it has done me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are of great benefit in connection with "Golden Medical Discovery" when the use of a laxative medicine is indicated.



Cocking both barrels of the gun, he hurried forward toward the pens.

A terrible struggle was going on there. Loud and sullen growls that were not the mastiff's, alarmed grunts of the hogs, and snorts of the horses from within the barn.

As Mark reached the pen the commotion increased.

Suddenly a large black bear, with fierce growls, leaped about halfway over the enclosure.

There was a roar from the mastiff as he sprang forward and, seizing Bruin by the throat, dragged him back again.

The bear was now at the side of the pen, gazing upon the conflict.

It was a large one, and in attempting to escape, his sharp claws had torn deep seams and gashes along the shoulders and side of the mastiff, from which the blood was flowing freely.

A mastiff does not relish his hold like a bulldog; but this time Bob retained his grip. Several times the two animals rolled over and over.

Harry was too alarmed for the safety of Bob to think of being frightened. "Shoot, Mark, shoot!" he cried.

"I can't, Harry! I am sure to hit Bob as well as the bear if I do. Hand me the ax. Hold the gun—be careful, it's loaded and cocked. Don't fire unless I give the word. Be ready."

With ax in hand, Mark leaped into the pen on the opposite side from where the fight was in progress.

Just as he neared the combatants the ax swung high, the bear managed to turn Bob completely underneath him.

The dog still hung to his throat. One of Bruin's ears had been torn clear off, and blood covered both heads.

In a moment more the sharp claws of the bear would disembowel the dog; but Bruin's head for the moment presented the opportunity desired, and with all the power he could concentrate in his arms, Mark brought the ax down.

The keen blade sunk through hide and skull, into the very brain of the swamp ranger; blood and brain gushed forth and he lay an inert mass in the grasp of the mastiff.

"Poor Bob! Come, boy, he's done for!"

The mastiff shook the carcass loose and crawled from the pen.

"De Lawd hab mercy! Boy, is yo' done kill dat bar?"

"Yes, Uncle Dan, I fixed him, but Bob bruised—"

"Dat's de biggest bar in de county! do dat I ever see in my life bar, an' he's fat, too. I 'clar he 'bout ober two hundred pounds. I spec he done killed Bob, too, sho' 'nough. Dat's de bes' dorg—"

"Yes, and he must take him quickly to the house and dress his wounds. You remain here with Uncle Dan until I return, Harry, and we will then remove the carcass from the pen. We will have to do that by that time, for it will be day, I'll come back."

Giving a parting glance at his dead foe, the mastiff followed, while Mark was bathing and dressing his wounds. Although severe were not dangerous, the younger Harry was growing around.

"Mark, how dared you, sir, enter that pen—"

"Why, Lucy, do you suppose I would let Bob be sacrificed? What did he do for us? He saved our property, perhaps our lives, no, I could never look the old boy in the face if I had deserted him. He would do the same for me."

"I—I—I—

table. Dar ustter be great goin's on dar, when a lot ob dem traders cum out ter buy niggers—an' Gridily's wife dassen't say a word.

"Clyburn knowed dat his days ob eatin' white breed was ober. He knowed dat any day he might be sold one way, his wife another, an' Julia still another, an' he make up his min' ter run eyeway an' take dem wid him. Yo' see de nigger was nigh erbout crazy."

"His was dat," exclaimed Rachel.

"This was Sentember," continued Daniel. "Clyburn knew dat on de first ob Octobe Gridily was ter hab a sale, so he determined ter get eyway befo' dat time. He knowed he couldn't get far while de hue an' cry was on, so he goes ter work nights wid er bateau an' takes all de truck he can pick up—meal an' bacon, potatoes an' sign, an' all ob de clothes b'longin' to dem, down de creek to de b'you, an' from dar to one ob de islands in de swamp. Dar'a lots of 'em islands dar. De nigger pick out de one ter suit him, an' dar he spose ter stay till de hunt is give up, an' den mek his way ter freedom."

"It was a daring undertaking."

"It was dat, Marse Mark; but Clyburn had money, an' den he was er resolute nigger—no common trash. It turned out dat he had pistols an' guns. He found an old cabin on dat island, half dugout an' half cabin, dat some runerways had occepied befo'. Dat island is surrounded by water all de time, an' yo' kin sca'ce get er dog ashore fer de 'gators."

"Alligators, Uncle Dan!"

"Yas, Missy. Well, when Clyburn all ready ter act, he act quick, an' one mawnin' when Simon, sek at de breakfas' table, 'What's Julia?' his wife tell him she don't know. He soon find out dat not only Julia le missin', but Clyburn an' his wife as well. 'Runned eyway, damn 'em!' he shouted. 'We ain't have 'em befo' night. Da are probly in de swamp.'

"Simon drive hab dem, dough. He put out hounds, but da only trailed 'em to de creek landin'. He advertised and offered rewards—de swamp was searched for two weeks; but no Clyburn."

"They actually found them on that island," observed Miss Murry.

"Wait, Missy. Lem Foster was sure da was on dat island in de swamp. Gridily said: 'Clyburn's too smart a nigger to go dar where he's bound sooner or later to be caught.'

"It seems as though he must have been right," said Mark.

"He was—an' then ag'in he wasn't," Daniel said. "A party cum in frum de search one night and reported findin' de old cabin on de island, an' said da wur sure some one had been dar; dat de ashes in de fireplace wus, da had gone; dat da made a 'corough search ob de island, but could find no trace. 'If it was dem, da are off fer Savannah by dis time,' said Simon, 'an' we will head dem off.' Lem Foster was took to it dat dey were in de swamp.

"Simon sent word to his cotton factors in Savannah to keep a lookout and hab all vessels searched dat were outward bound. He sent other messages north an' south an' den he an' Foster started on dar las' trip.

"De Lawd hab mercy!" exclaimed Rachel.

"Gridily said: 'Foster, you an' I will spend a day or two in de swamp by ourselves, yo' seem so sartin dat de niggers is dar. We will take a couple ob dorgs an' our guns an' fishin' tackle; we bes' take erlong a fryin' pan, kaze I'll bring Clem ter cook fer us. If de niggers is dar we'll get dem.'

"Da started out early in the mornin' carryin' Clem an' de two dorgs with dem. Only de dog an' one hound returned."

"Terrible!" exclaimed Miss Murry.

"Clem said," continued Uncle Daniel, "dat by 2 o'clock da foun' de old cabin 'on de island. Dis island is right wo' dry. In de cabin nothin' was found. De old door hung crookid on one rusty hinge, an' dirt an' leaves kivered de floor. Foster drew de leaves back outen de open fireplace. 'Dem's fresh ashes,' he said, 'an' I kin smell baccy. Da ain' been gone frum here long.'

"De two dorgs was nosin' round de cabin, an' when da come ter de fireplace da stuck dar noggles down an' commenced ter yelp. 'Somethin' here,' said Foster, as he stopped and laid hold ob a short iron bar dat run erross de bottom ob de fireplace, an' raised it up. Ashes an' dirt drifted through an' de dorgs yelled louder dan ober.

"'It looks lak we've treed somethin,' said Foster.

"'Varmint, if anything,' Gridily said.

"Foster stooped ag'in an' pulled up another bar; den another an' another—an' he stood lookin' down after a hole half de size ob de fireplace, an' large enuff ter admit er man.

"'Treed at last,' said Foster.

"'I t'ink not,' Simon said. 'Dar may hab been an' ole cellar under his cabin, an' dar may be varmints in it. It's so dark down dar nothin' can be seen. Light er torch an' drop it down.'

"Why not drap one ob de dorgs down? Dat will tell de tale,' said Foster, as he seized the larger one.

Mark brought the ax down.

"De dorg struggled. He didn't lak de notion ob goin' 'crough dat hole inter darkness; but Foster shoved him down, head first, hangin' on by his hind legs. De houn' yelped an' struggled, but Foster still hung on fer his life. His head don't reach de bottom,' he said. Jes' den dar was a quick, sharp yelp frum de dorg an' he struggled an' wrestled mightily. 'Pull him up,' said Simon. 'Dar's no use a droppin' a dog down in dat dark hole.'

"Foster pulled him still strugglin', 'crough de hole. His throat was torn, his ear tore half off, an' his hin' leg mighty near broke. 'Yo' jes' wait,' shouted Foster. 'Why did we come here alone?' and he rushed for de cabin. His gun was overhead frum his hands lak he was a schoolboy. De strong arm of a desperate man seized him, an' with him aloft, an' dashed him wid a mighty force against a large pine tree dat stood by de door. He fell, moved ag'in. His skull was crushed lak it was an egg shell."

"De Lawd hab mercy!" again exclaimed Rachel.

"De houn' whimpered an' laid down," proceeded Daniel. "Clyburn, for it was he, stepped over de dead body of Foster, exclaiming: 'My life er yours! Lay dar, Lem Foster. I tole yo', Gridily, not ter buy my family. I knew what was fer come. Have no fear,"he said ter Clem. 'Here, he's me t'row dese bodies outen de door.'

"A ladder was raised from widin de cellar an' Rhody an' Julia soon stood on de floor ob de cabin. Rhody yet held a knife in her hand, dat her frock was covered with blood.

"'Oh, father!' cried Julia.

"'It's Foster, gal—or death!' Clyburn shouted. 'Is held Clem until de nex' day, an' made him promise fer way ob de island fo' days longer. De las' he seed ob dem da all mounted de bateau an' disappeared deeper widin de swamp.'

"When Clem come back wid de ogre hound an' tole de tale, dar was an alarm all over de country."

"No wonder," said Mark. "But what became of Clyburn and his wife and daughter?"

"No one eber foun' out. Hundreds of men an' dorgs were searchin' for dem all over de country. Wheder da was traced up an' died fightin' or escaped to Canady no one ebber knew. Da was never heard ob again 'bout here."

"A brave man," said Harry.

"A brave and desperate one," observed Miss Murry.

"In course," said Uncle Daniel, "de bodies were brought frum de island and buried in de cemetery. It was said dat Doctor Medows' widder an' darter felt wus over de fate ob Clyburn an' his fambily dan da did over de loss ob Gridily an' Foster—an' dar was good reason, as you knowed wher da was. Anyway, now yo' knows how Clyburn swamp an' b'you got dat name, fer da's gone by it eber since."

## CHAPTER IX.

### A DAY'S OUTING.

It is safe to state that none of the children were early asleep on the night of the evening on which Uncle Daniel entertained them with the account of how Clyburn bayou and swamp had been so named; nevertheless, all were early astir the following morning and attending to their duties.

Ella and Boy, with the aid occasionally of Lucy, now had almost the entire care of the poultry, of which, including different sizes, there was now not less than eighteen hundred.

Brooders and small coops occupied various positions throughout the grounds.

Harry had special charge of the hogs, and he took great satisfaction in seeing them thrive.

This Friday was a busier day than usual, for on the morrow Mark, Harry and Uncle Daniel went to take their day's outing.

Along toward evening Harry caught a lot of minnows in the creek with a dip net, which, with the angle worms that he and Roy had dug, were to be used as bait.

Bright and early Saturday morning each member of the family was down to the landing to see the voyagers off, and Mabel and Ella bore between them a basket containing an ample lunch for the voyagers.

"Now be sure and feed the horses at noon, Roy, and if you go to the bridge fishing don't be too long at a time, Help Lucy. This is the first day I have left you alone at business, I shall be on watch things closely. Ella and Mabel must look after the chickens—Aunt Rachel must look after all of you."

"Dat I will, chile! Dat's what I'se here for," announced Rachel.

"Lucy, don't work too hard. Don't let her, Miss Murry. I am glad you will be at home today."

"It is difficult to keep Lucy quiet long at a time."

"I know it. I intend to take her over to Englewood before I go to visit with Carrie next week. Well, good-by."

"Good-by!" shouted Harry.

The others waved handkerchiefs, and Aunt Rachel cried: "Keep erway from dat bayou, an' what Clyburn name," and the bateau, bearing Mark, Harry and Uncle Dan, with Pompey curled up at his feet, passed down the creek.

"I am glad Mark is off for one day's rest and pleasure," said Miss Murry to Lucy. "It's his first day's outing since we have been farmers."

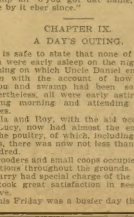
"It is for a day off, surely," the teacher observed, "and you should have one. What say you if when Roy and Ella go to the bridge fishing we all go? I think I should enjoy it, and the time would pass more quickly."

"Dat's you, Missy. Dat chile don't do nothin' but work."

"I will go, since you and Miss Murry seem so anxious," Lucy said. "I doubt not I shall enjoy it as much as any of you."

The bateau with our explorers drifted rapidly down the creek. There was quite a current, and Mark observed: "We shall have a ladder time getting back, Uncle Dan, than we will going down the stream."

"Yes, frum de b'you," Daniel said; "but dat's three ob us, an' 'tain't no dan two miles pull, if it's dat. Us can start back early."

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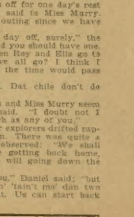

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# MY PILE CURE
## FREE TO TRY

**Don't Let Your Piles Run Into Fistula and Cancer. Send Your Name Today and get THIS DOLLAR PACKAGE FREE on Approval—DO IT NOW.**

I want everyone who has **Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Prolapse, Tumors, Constipation** or any other rectal trouble, to send me his or her name. I will send by return mail my new **Three-fold Absorption Cure,** my newfound combination of remedies which is curing cases of even 30 to 40 years' standing—after all else had failed. Don't be discouraged. I am curing the most malignant cases—cases considered incurable. Try my treatment. If you are satisfied with the benefit received, send me one dollar. If not, send nothing. **You decide.** If you have piles, or the itching, burning or heavy feeling which shows that they are coming, don't delay. They lead to Fistula and the deadly Cancer.

Here's what you get free on approval (see illustration above): 1. One tube of my **Absorptive Plasma,** with my **Rectal Applicator** which quickly heals all itching and soreness, even in very bad cases. 2. One package of **Mucous Blood Cones,** which correct constitutional conditions. 3. One box of my **Pile Pills,** which remove the causes of Piles and Constipation, making C. W. VAN VLECK, M. D., LL. D., famous. the cure permanent. Don't wait. Don't delay. Do it now, because this constitutional treatment. Special offer, for 60 days only. Don't ever fooled. Write Dr. Fredrick Main, Dept. 654, Jackson, Mich.

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## AND BOYS

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# Free! Free! To Men

**To the Weak and Afflicted—To Men Who Want Strength, Health and Youthful Vigor Again—This Offer is Free—Free to Try. A Cure for Your Trouble Costs Nothing to Test It. Cures Men to Stay Cured Finally and For All.**

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To the victims of vital weakness and nervous exhaustion—the thousands of men suffering the results of secret indiscretion, fast living of past sickness—this offer of free treatment is made without reserve and in confidence that the new remedy will prove itself and be gratefully acknowledged by all. No one who is weak and want to take all the risk. I will pay all the cost—and am willing to convince fully by this free test that one remedy will bring you back to vigorous manhood or no one will.

**NO MAN IS LOST**

Whatever be the cause of your trouble I do not seek or seek to know. Nor does it matter who or what has failed to cure you. To one he made vigorous and well and live to enjoy a happy, contented life if he will but use the one wonderful remedy that will bring you back to vigorous manhood or no one will be lost. I am willing to stand the entire cost of the treatment. Every man is positively on C. O. D. scheme attached to this free offer. Nothing is forced onto you that you do not want. My offer is fair, square and Free. Send me your name and full address and you will get the free treatment by return mail sealed and in a plain package. Don't delay. Don't write a letter to every weak and worn-out man you read this paper. Write me today.

**Dr. Frederick Main, Lock Bx. 654, Jackson, Mich.**

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It was barely 7 o'clock when the bateau shot out from the mouth of the creek onto the placid bosom of the bayou, and its first appearance was to start the flight of an immense flock of wild ducks from their feeding ground.

While running down the creek Mark had had enough to do to keep the craft in the center of the stream and out of trouble; but now he gave sole charge of the boat to Uncle Dan, and made ready for the sieges.

The bayou seemed to consist of a vast sheet of water which would almost be termed a lake. It extended beyond the reach of vision to the south, seemingly in the half-obscurity of the early dawn, and skirted the swamp to the east. Its greatest width Mark judged to be not less than three miles. Cypress and gum trees extended into the bayou far beyond the water line, and clumps of various growths could be seen at intervals looming up here and there all over the surface of the bayou.

Daniel headed the craft up the east side of the swamp. He was soon out of the current of the creek and had no trouble in managing the craft. He sat in the stern and paddled with a single blade, using either side.

Harry, as the lighter, sat in the bow and had a light double-barrell gun loaded with duck shot, while Mark, with his heavier weight, sat midway of the craft.

"There comes that flock of ducks again, Uncle Dan," said Mark, and the boats under that clump of trees to the right and we may get a shot at them. Now, Harry, be careful how you handle your gun."

Uncle Dan soon rested his paddle, and the bateau shot under the trees, where the clump Mark had indicated.

Around the surface of the bayou circles the flock—nearer and nearer.

"I wish I had some decoys," Mark said.

"Da's gwine ter light right dar—not nuther dan a hundred feet from dis were clump," said Uncle Dan. "I kin see 'em a-swimmin' 'roun'. De wil' rice is not all sheiled out yet. Look out, Harry, dem ducks is comin' right over yo' one mo' circle, an' down da comes right befo' yo' guns. I 'clare, I oughter brought my rifle musket. Dem ducks is tame."

"Be on the watch, Harry. Keep your eyes on the flock. We will circle and they settle, before they strike the water. Fire when I do."

The flock had circled round to the west, but the circle they made was not an extended one. They came on.

"They are swinging!" exclaimed Mark.

"Dis is erbout de last circle," observed Daniel.

"Here they come, Harry! Ready—ready!"

There were a dozen or four large ducks in the flock. Round they came in that swinging curve—down, down, down—still circling to the north of where the bateau lay—down, swing, dropping down, down, down, the whole flock not a hundred feet from the bateau. "Quack, quack!"

What do the ducks do? As they strive to check that settling mass and rise again? It is too late.

"Fire to the left, Harry—first one barrel—and then the other. Now, fire!"

Two about ring centers of the flock half rises over them, two more. Away they go to the west—"Quack, quack, quack!" but not all of them—one has fallen into the bateau itself, a number lie dead on the surface—and more are struggling in the water.

Uncle Dan's eyes were sparkling. "Dat was a good one!" he said.

"Great!" exclaimed Mark.

Pompey stood with his forepaws on the bateau's edge.

"Will he bring them, Uncle Dan?"

"Reared ter send him, chile—an' he feared ter go. Dat's gittin' over it."

So Daniel paddled from duck to duck and they picked up twelve slain by those four shots; then they secured one of the maimed ones, the others sculling away in the wild rice and disappeared.

Well, sixteen is a big bag for our first shoot," observed Mark; "more than I expected for."

"Dar's six mallards dar," said Daniel, "and de rest is sprigtails. Dey is de best ter load yo' guns. Dem ducks is fat as butter now. Dey'll be heavy ter fly; but yo' could tell dat by de way dey rose from de water. Hi-yr Crane—hes' gib him a shot."

"What is a crane good for, Uncle Dan?"

"Hi-yr Crane de bes' eb eatin"—cook 'im up wid sage an' onions—he's a great."

"Well, here he is. I will try him, Harry. I fear he is too high for your light gun."

"He will make a fine display, mounted," observed Mark, as he secured him.

"He is snow white," said Harry, "and he surely never knew what hit him. That was a fine shot, Mark."

They proceeded on around the east side of the bayou, and Mark managed to bring a wild goose from a passing flock, while between them the two boys secured several more ducks and a couple of rails.

Where it that island and the old cabin where Chyburn killed Griddy and Foster, Uncle Dan?" suddenly asked Mark.

"Chyburn's Island? Oh, dat's erbout two miles yet, fo' de bayou curls an' cuts dat an' strikes at de mout' oh dat first island. Does yo' wanter go dar, Marse Mark? De cabin done rotted crwan, I reckon. De' knows dat dun happen when I was er boy."

"I know; but I would rather like to see the place. Have we time?"

"We moughts, if we crowd dar wideout delay; but us don't wanter be kotch dar arter dark. Sides de place is ha'nted—an' dar's gators in de bayou."

"I don't fear the alligators, Uncle Dan, and as for the place being haunted——"

"Dar's a 'gator, now, boy."

"Where, where?" quickly asked both lads.

"You see dat black spot fer ahead dar?"

"Why, that's merely a root or the broken end of some fallen tree, Uncle Dan."

"Don't yo' b'lieve it, boy. It's er 'gator. Dat's de lump oher his eyes dat yo' see. De gator's dar. He yere me comin', an' he comes roun' ter see what's goin' on. Dis dorg know a 'gator's dar. Des look at him, layin' close ter de bottom ob de bateau. Pompey know. If I squeeze his foot an' mak' him holler, yo' soon see a dozen 'gators."

"Try it, Uncle Dan."

"I dassen't, boy. Us might hab trouble gettin' erway. See dat 'gator? Now what yo' t'inks?"

The saurian raised his head above the water—his tail swept the surface, and he swam slowly toward the island.

"You were right, Uncle Dan. I have a notion of giving him a shot."

"No use, boy. De shot would jes' roll off his hard-shell back. If da lets us alone, we bes' not bother dem. If yo' wants ter go ter dat island, yo' bes' lek hold ob dat oder paddle, an' help me pull. We kin get dar by noon."

This charming story of starting in life will be continued in next week's Ledger, developing as the story proceeds some very interesting situations. Every subscriber is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

## Why Both Were in Good Health.

Two healthy men talked.

"I attribute my condition," said the first healthy man, "entirely to my manner of life. I rise at 6 o'clock every morning, take a cold bath——"

"A cold bath!" exclaimed the second healthy man, "why, I should die—I should shudder!"

"Yes, sir," repeated the first healthy man, "A cold bath—just as the water runs, mind you—and then a light breakfast of milk and toast. After breakfast I walk five miles in my working clothes; in fact, I never wear an overcoat all winter. For dinner I eat a chop, and after dinner another walk of five miles. In the evening I have a plain supper and am in bed by 10. I don't drink or smoke——"

"Well," said the second healthy man, somewhat impressed by the detail, "I am long as I can in the morning. Then I get up, dress in a rush room, so as to be thoroughly comfortable, and have a hearty meal of buckwheat cakes, flapjalls and coffee, and ride to business. I never walk nor take any exercise if I can help it. At noon I have a lunch and at night I get outside of a six-course dinner, I smoke ten cigars a day, and drink what I please."

The first healthy man looked at him in amazement.

"Well, then," he exclaimed, "do you account for the fact that we are both so remarkably well?"

"It must be," said the second healthy man, as he lighted another cigar, "because each of us does what he pleases, in spite of the other."—Life.

## John Wasn't So Sure.

Sir Lauder Brunton, the noted English physician, was talking about nervous ill ferings.

After he had described the beneficent effect of certain drugs upon nervous ill temper, Dr. Brunton said:

"Ill temper of the nervous sort is worthy of serious consideration. It makes lives unhappy. I remember a middle-aged woman whose nervous disposition who told me with tears in her eyes that she had once said to her husband:

"John, I know I'm cross at times. I know you find me unkind often. Sometimes, John, I think you don't love me. But, John remember, when I'm unkind in my thoughts I assail you, that, if I had my life to live over again, I'd marry you just the same."

"I'm not so sure of that,' John answered, shortly."


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## Giving Him the Best.

Blasted Batterson—I'm not feelin' fust rate today, mum. Might I request the favor of a little light stimulant?

Mrs. Hardlne—Sorry we hain't got nothin' very light. Our bull pup weighs nigh onto 60 pounds, but he'll help ye along. Here, Tego!



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## Not a Case for an Understudy.

"I'd like to have a day off next Wednesday, sir," said young Thompson to the senior partner.

The senior partner frowned. He did not approve of holidays.

"We don't like to establish the precedent of giving time off," he said.

"But I have some rather important business on hand," urged young Thompson, "and——"

"And I suppose no one possibly could attend to this 'important business' but yourself," sneered the senior partner.

"Well, not very well, sir; because, you see——"

"Young men are too prone to overrate their own importance," interrupted the senior partner. "It's a common failing among them to consider themselves indispensable, while nine times out of ten they are only blocking the way of better men. Now, in this little business matter of yours no doubt, if necessary, you could depute some one else to attend to it for you—some one just as able and just as willing as yourself."

"Without doubt, sir," said young Thompson, "but, as I'm to be married, the lady has conceived the notion that I am indispensable to the ceremony."

## Like Fly Paper.

Castro and his army were preparing to descend on New Orleans.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the Chicago man. "Have you made no preparations to repel the invaders? Where are your guns?"

"We don't need any guns," chuckled the citizen of the Crescent City. "We have just filled the principal streets with New Orleans molasses and when Castro and his army land they will get their feet stuck and can't get out."

And in the moonlight the city resembled a gigantic sheet of flypaper.

## Southern Philosopher.

The tourist in the boat found the old planter sitting on the roof of his submerged home placidly puffing his corncob.

"Don't seem worried?" ventured the tourist.

"Not at all, stranger," drawled the old man. "You see, I expect to sell this here house through an advertisement in a town paper."

"But gracious, man, the flood has ruined your chances of a quick sale."

"Not at all, sah. I can say there is water on every floor."

## Worth the Admission.

Farmer Makestraw—I say, Maria, we must all drive in to Squashtown next week. A feller named Prof. Flyhigh is goin' up in a balloon, an' then he'll jump off, with nothin' but an umbrella to hold him.

Mrs. Makestraw—Is it a free exhibition?

Farmer Makestraw—No, it will cost us twenty-five cents apiece; but if that umbrella ain't no stronger than most that's sold nowadays, we'll git the worth of our money.

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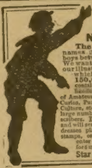

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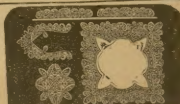

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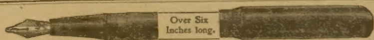


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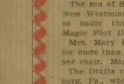


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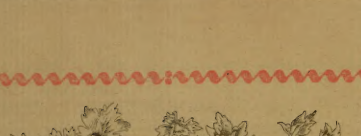


# FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

### The Game of the Emperors' Chain.

Did you ever hear of the game of the emperors' chain? It isn't very well known, but the writer saw children play it in a foreign settlement in Pennsylvania, and it struck her as a good one.

The children took sides, an even number to each side. Then they elected emperors. Each emperor lined his side up so that it stood facing the other with about twenty-five feet of space between them. Then each emperor placed himself in the center of his own row, and the children of each side formed a chain by taking hold of hands.

When all were ready one emperor suddenly said: "Attack," and one of the children, whose home he knew, let go of his companions' hands and rushed at the opposite side, to break through the chain.

If he succeeded, the emperor of the broken chain had to give one of his party, who then joined the other chain. If he failed he became a prisoner of war and had to remain.

The game goes on until one of the emperors is left all alone. Then he must try to rescue his soldiers. When he fails and is caught himself the game is ended.

Girls and small children played this game with just as much fun as did the stronger sex. It was not a bit rough, none of the players are not allowed to rush at each other, but must only run at the "links" in the chain that are formed by the clasped hands.

### A Loving Gift.

A friend in the country had a cat who always brought the small birds and mice he caught to his mistress, showing great pride. One day he laid a fine partridge at her feet and left it there and would have nothing to do with it. He gave it to her.

### Bad Grammar Class.

The class in bad grammar stood up to recite. Following are the questions asked by the teacher and the answers given by the pupils:

Which tense does an army in camp prefer to use?---Perfect tents.

Give an example of the imperfect tense---Pretense.

Give another---Impotence.

Of the future tenfx.---The expected circus.

In the sentence, "The officer who orders the men to storm the breastworks," in what mood is "The officer who orders the men"---The indicative.

Wrong---In the imperative mood.

How many parts of the feminine gender?---Only one. The part she takes.

Whats pronouns are universal?---You---Yourself.

What pronoun is much smaller in the plural than in the singular number?---I.

Why?---Because big I is the singular is see in the plural.

In declining the possessive pronouns, under what circumstances would "mine" not be declined?---When it was a good one.

In the sentence, "I take thee to be my wedded wife," what is thee governed by?---The wedded wife.

In the sentence, "He has married again," how is a gerund to be reconstructed?---That this time she is a rich widow.

### No Kisses Exchanged.

Miss Dressington (to little boy who is sliding up to her)---What do you want, dear---to give me a kiss?

Little Boy---No; I wants my bread-'n'-butter that you've sittin' on!

### The Parson Bird.

Among the feathered inhabitants of New Zealand there is a bird called the parson bird, or "tui." It is about the size and shape of a blackbird, but has a pair of delicate white curls at its throat, and is a glossy dark green otherwise, which looks black in the sunshine. It can be taught to crow, to speak, to whistle tunes, and besides these tricks it has a repertoire which is not often equaled by any other feathered songster. At vespers it has a note like the toll of a bell or the clear high note of an organ, it can mimic every bird in the bush to perfection; it will break off in the middle of an intricate melody and indulge in a strange medley of sounds which are impossible to describe, but if you can imagine "the combination of a cough, a laugh, a sneeze, with the smashing of a pane of glass," it will be some approach to the idea.

The tui nests twice or thrice a year, and has large families. Like the other birds of New Zealand it seems to be unconscious of danger from man. It is a pity that the birds of the island are becoming so scarce, for they seem to us of a time when nature was harmless, when the snakes, tigers and falcons did not exist.

### A Small Boy's Mistake.

My three small boys were making a call upon friends, and the youngest boy, Hollis, aged 6, being unusually quiet and well behaved, attracted the attention of one of the ladies, who asked if Hollis was always so quiet and good at home, says a writer in the Toronto Globe. Whereupon the elder brothers feeling the importance of his nine years, replied:

"Oh, no! At home he is the disturbing elephant" (element).

### Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Little Joe (who has been visiting in the country)---Grandpa always milks his cows on one side.

Mamma---"Which side, dear?"

Little Joe---"Why, the outside."

"Johnny," said the teacher to a small pupil in the juvenile class, "can you tell me why a ship is called 'she'?"

I guess it's 'cause a ship is like a woman," answered Johnny. "She needs a man to boss her."

One day little Flossie was sent across the street to get a pair of shoestrings.

"How long do you want 'em?" asked the clerk.

"As long as they will last," replied the small shopper.

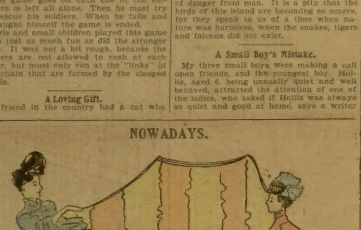
### Languages in Japan Schools.

A very significant thing is the languages which the children of Japan are obliged to learn in the public schools. School attendance has just been made compulsory from six to 14 years of age. For those four years they are taught the Japanese and Chinese languages and the last four years English is added. This shows with what peoples Japan expects to find the closest alliances and the greatest prosperity.

### Invitation to Grandma.

A little girl aged 6 went to see her grandmother, who had broken her leg.

Thinking people, like dolls, could have their limbs repaired, she said, "Grandmamma, when you get your leg mended you must come and see us."



## NOWADAYS.

Ethel---"Marion, are we going away this summer?"

Mother---Why do you wish to know?"

Ethel---"Because Mr. Brinkley pretty near to a proposal and I didn't know whether to encourage him or wait to pick up something better at the seaside."

### SOME GIRLS THAT MAMMA KNEW.

My Mammà says 'at once 'ere was
A little girl she knew
Who went an' cried, an' 'fist because---
Because she wanted to;
An' we're her face was all askew
'Til wind changed, as they say,
An' Mamma told me 'at it's true,
Her face 'ist stayed 'at way!

An' when she told me 'at w'y nen
I said I'll never fib again!

My Mamma said 'at once she heard
A little girl like me
Tell 'fist one-fib, an' says, my word!
Her' Mamma looked to see
W'ere was her tongue, an' goodness me
Her mouth was 'ist all bare.
An' w'ere her tongue 'ud ought to be
There wasn't any there!

An' when she told me 'at, w'y nen
I said I'll never fib again!

My Mamma knew a little girl
'At used to run away
W'en her dear mother'd start to curl
Her hair; an' one day
Some gypsies tooked her off, somehow,
An' stole her from her home.
An' my! Her hair is awful now,
'Cause gypsies never comb!

An' since she told me 'at w'y nen
I never cried away again!

An' never don't make fun, she says,
Of folks 'at's blind or lame,
Or gut red hair or warts, unless
You want to be the same
'Cause lots of times it happens so
An' surely if you do
You never, never, never know
What's going to happen to you.

An' since she told me 'at, w'y nen
I never don't make fun again.

### A Hard Thing to Do.

Good humor can be restored to a school room in one of the public schools the other day by an impatient speech of the teacher, says the Philadelphia Press.

The young woman who had charge of the class had been experiencing one of the last degree by the mischievous tricks of some of the pupils. When at the proper time hysterics were to be safely predicted if some relief did not come.

She looked up from her book and saw one of the largest girls in the class crouched in an unsightly attitude over her desk. Her feet were stretched over into the aisle, and, worst of all, she was chewing gum. It was the last straw. The teacher sprang to her feet and snapped out:

"Marie, get up. Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in." The shout of laughter from the pupils cleared the atmosphere, and the rest of the session was one of the pleasantest of the term.

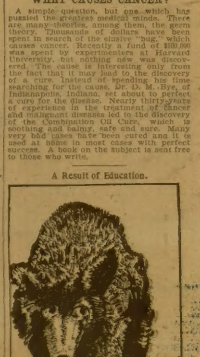
### Disgraced Mascot.

The mascot of a British infantry regiment, a goat, has been dishonorably discharged from the service for absence without leave and for theft committed in neighboring poultry yards. He is now serving a life sentence in the Manchester zoological gardens.

### WHAT CAUSES CANCER?

A simple question, but one which has puzzled the greatest medical minds. There are many theories, one of them, the germ theory. Thousands of dollars have been spent in search of the germ, but which causes cancer. Recently a fund of $100,000 was spent by experiments at Harvard University, but nothing new was discovered. "The most interesting thing from the fact that it may lead to the discovery of a cure, rather than spending her time searching for the cause, Dr. D. M. Bye, of Indianapolis, Indiana, set about to perfect a cure for the disease. Nearly thirty years of experience in the treatment of cancer and malignant diseases led to the discovery of the Combination Oil Cure, which is soothing and balmy, safe and sure. Many very bad cases have been cured and it is used at home in most cases with perfect success. A book on the subject is sent free to those who write.

### A Result of Education.



Although I have no snowy coat,
Much as our Arctic brothers wear,
Since I have learned to comb this pate,
I surely am a Polar bear.